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Fulfillment.

Sometimes I think the things we see
Are shadows of the things to be;
That what we plan we build;
That every hope that hath been crossed,
And every dream we thought was lost,
In heaven shall be fulfilled.

That even the children of the brain
Have not been born and died in vain,
Though here unclothed and dumb;
But on some brighter, better shore,
They live embodied evermore,
And wait for us to come.

—*Phæbe Cary.*

Wheat.

MAY.

So many shades of tender green
Are rippling, shimmering, pulsing with delight,
Soft, cool and billowy, like the glimmering sheen
Of some grand river in the morning light,
Thrilling with hope, its life is fair,
Its joy is full, all through the lovely May
It simply grows and waves, nor tries to bear
The coming burden of the harvest day.

JUNE.

Steeped in hot sunshine, lightly swing
The long bright stalks, whose bearded heads hang down
Beneath their fruitful burden, which the spring,
Departing, laid upon them as a crown.
Sweeter and graver life has grown,
The green just touched to gold by deep'ning June,
Warm, bright with glowing, with its mellowing tone
Flecked with the shadows of the afternoon.

JULY.

In serried ranks the golden sheaves
Gleam faintly in the sunset's fading red,
While some reluctant blackbird slowly leaves
The fruitful gleanings for his quiet bed;
And thus, with full fruition blest,
The wheat stands reaped. It hath no more to yield,
And thankfully, before he seeks his rest,
The weary reaper gazes o'er his field.

—*Cornelia Seabring.*

THE CHILD SPY.

His name was Stenne, little Stenne. He was a "child of Paris," thin and pale, and was ten, perhaps fifteen years old, for one can never say with how old those children are. His mother was dead, and his father, an ex-marine, was the guardian of a square in the quarter of the Temple. The nurses and babies, the old ladies who always carry their own folding chairs, and the poor mothers, all that small world of Paris which seeks shelter from vehicles, in those gardens that are surrounded by pavements, knew Father Stenne and loved him. They knew that under his rough mustache, which was the terror of dogs and disturbers of benches, was hidden a kind, tender and almost motherly smile, and that in order to bring it forth they had only to say to the good man:

"How is your little son?"

For Father Stenne loved his little son so much!

He was so happy in the afternoon when, after his school, the little boy would call for him, and together they would make the rounds of the paths, stopping at each bench to speak to the habitues of the square and to answer their good wishes.

But when the siege began everything was sadly changed. Father Stenne's square was closed and filled with petroleum, and the poor man, condemned to an incessant surveillance, passed his life in the ramparts, upturned, quite alone, not permitted to smoke, and only seeing his little son late in the evening at his home. You should have seen his mustache when he spoke of the Prussians. Little Stenne, however, did not complain of this new life.

A siege! Nothing is more amusing for such urchins. No more school, no more studying! Holidays the while, and the streets as exciting as a fair.

The child ran about all day till nightfall. He followed the battalions of the quarter to the ramparts, choosing those that had a good band. Little Stenne was well posted on that subject. He would tell you very glibly that the Ninety-sixth band was not worth much, but the Fifty-fifth had an excellent one. Sometimes he would watch the mobiles drilling, and there were the processions. * * * With his basket under his arm he would join the long files that were formed in the dark cold winter mornings, when there was no gas, before the butchers' and bakers' shops. There, with their feet in the wet, the people would make acquaintances and talk politics, and, as he was Mr. Stenne's son, everybody would ask him his opinion. Better almost amusing of all were the afternoon games, especially the famous game of galoche, which the Breton mobiles made the fashion during the siege. When little Stenne was not at the ramparts or baker's shop you would be sure to find him at the square of the Chateau d'Eau. He did not play, however; it needed too much money; he was satisfied in watching the players with all his might.

One especially, a great fellow in a blue workman's blouse, who only played with five-franc pieces, excited his admiration. When he ran one could hear the coins jingling under his blouse.

One day as he was picking up a piece that had rolled under little Stenne's feet, the great fellow said to him in a low tone: "That makes you wink, hey? Well, if you wish, I'll tell you where they're to be found."

The game over, he took him to a corner of the square and proposed that he should join him in selling newspapers for the Prussians—that he would make forty francs for every trip. At first Stenne was very indignant and refused, and what was more, he remained away from the game for three days—three terrible days. He neither ate nor slept any more. At midnight he would see great heaps of galoches piled on the foot of his bed and five-franc pieces moving over it, bright and shining. The temptation was too strong for him. The fourth day he returned to the Chateau d'Eau, saw the large fellow and was overcome.

* * *

They set out one sunny morning, a linen bag thrown over their shoulders and their newspapers hidden under their blouses. When they reached the Flanders gate it was yet hardly dawn. The large fellow took Stenne by the hand and approached the sentinel—a good civilian with a red nose and kind air. He said to him, with a plaintive tone:

"Let us pass, my good monsieur. Our mother is ill and papa is dead. We are going to see my little brother and I, if we can't find some potatoes to pick up in the fields."

He cried, and Stenne, who was ashamed, lowered his head. The sentinel looked at them a moment, and then, giving a glance over like the white, deserted road, "Go quickly," said he to them, moving aside; and then they were in the road to Aubervilliers. How the large fellow laughed!

Confusedly, as though in a dream, little Stenne saw the manufactories transformed into barracks, their tall chimneys, which pierced the fog and seemed to reach the sky, fireless and battered. Now and again they would see a sentinel and officers who were looking far off through their field-glasses, and their small tents, wet with snow, which was melting before dying fires. The large fellow knew the way, and would take short cuts over the fields in order to escape the outposts. But suddenly they came upon a large body of sharpshooters too late to escape them. They were in their little cabins, hidden in a ditch half full of water, and encamped along the Soissons railway. This time, though the large fellow recommenced his tearful story, they would not let him pass. As he was lamenting, an old sergeant, white and wrinkled, and who looked like old Father Stenne, came out of the post guard's cabin

"Well, little ones, don't cry any more!" said he to the children, "we will let you go after your potatoes, but before you leave, come in and warm yourselves a little. * * * He looks frozen that small boy there!"

Alas! It was not with cold that little Stenne trembled; it was from fear, from shame. * * * In the post-house they found some soldiers gathered round a small fire, a real widow's fire, by whose blaze they were thawing their biscuits on the end of their bayonets. They crowded close together so as to make room for the children. They gave them a drop of wine and a little coffee. While they were drinking, an officer came to the door, called the sergeant, spoke to him in a low voice, and then quickly went away. "Boys?" said the sergeant, as he came back radiant, "there will be tobacco to-night. * * * We have found out the Prussians' password. I think this time we will take back from them that Bourget."

Then there followed an explosion of bravos and laughter. They danced and sang and swung their sabers in the air. Profiting by the tumult, the children disappeared. Having passed the breastwork nothing remained to be crossed but the plain, at the end of which was a long white wall filled with loop-holes. They directed their steps toward this, stopping every now and then and making believe to look for potatoes. "Let us return; don't go any further," little Stenne said all the while, but the large one only shrugged his shoulders and went on. Suddenly they heard the click of a gun being aimed at them. "Lie down," said the large boy, throwing himself on the ground. When he was down he whistled and another whistle answered him over the snow, and they went on, climbing on their hands and knees. In front of the wall, and even with the ground, two yellow mustaches under greasy caps appeared, and the large boy leaped into the ditch beside the Prussians. "That is my brother," said he, pointing to his companion. He was so small—little Stenne—that on seeing him the Prussians began to laugh, and one of them was obliged to take him in his arms in order to lift him over the breach.

On the other side of the wall were large breastworks, fallen trees and black holes in the snow, and in each one of these was the same helmet, mustache and greasy cap, and there was great laughing as the soldiers saw the children pass by.

In a corner was a gardener's house, casemated with the trunks of trees, the lower part of which was full of soldiers, who were playing cards and making soup over a clear, bright fire. How good the cabbages and the bacon smelt, and what a difference to the sharpshooter's bivouac! A stairs were the officers, and they heard them playing on the piano and opening champagne bottles. When the Parisians entered the room a hurrah of joy greeted them. They gave up their newspapers, and the officers gave them something to drink and made them talk. They all had a proud, hard look, but the large boy amused them with his Parisian gayety and his gamin slang. They laughed and rolled him after him, and seemed to wallow with delight in the Parisian mud he brought them.

Little Stenne, too, would have liked to have talked and to have proved that he was not stupid, but something embarrassed him. Opposite to him, sitting apart, was a Prussian, older and more serious than the others, who was reading, or rather seeming to read, for he never took his eyes off the women, and there was in his face both tenderness and reproach, as though this man might have had a child of little Stenne's age at home, and as if he were saying to himself: "I would rather die than see my son doing such a thing," and as he looked at little Stenne the boy felt as if a hand was clutching at his heart and keeping it from beating. To escape the anguish he began to drink, and soon everything turned around him. He heard vaguely, amid loud laughs, his comrade making fun of the National Guards, of their way of going through their drill, he imitated an assault of arms in the Marais, and a surprise at night on the ramparts. Then the large boy lowered his voice, the officers approached nearer to him and their faces grew more serious. Little Stenne saw he was telling them about that night's premeditated attack, of which the sharpshooters had spoken. Then little Stenne rose, furious and completely sobered:

"Don't tell that fellow, I won't have you."

But the other only laughed and continued; but before he had finished the officers were all on their feet, and one of them, showing the door to the children, told them to "Begone" and they rose, began to talk hurriedly together in German. The large boy left the room as proud as a doge, clinking his money. Little Stenne followed him, holding down his head, and as he was passing the Prussian whose look had so disturbed him:

"Not nice that, not nice," and the tears came into his eyes.

Once more in the plain the children began to run and return toward Paris quickly. Their sacks were filled with potatoes which the Prussians had given them, and with these they passed the sharpshooters' encampment without any trouble. They were preparing for the night attack. Troops were arriving silently, and were massed behind the wall. The old sergeant was there, busily engaged arranging his men with such a happy look. When the children passed near him he recognized them and smiled kindly at them. Oh! how badly that smile made little Stenne feel. For a moment he felt as if he should burst out crying and say to them: "Don't go there. * * * We have betrayed you." But the other boy told him that if he spoke a word they would be shot, and so fear kept him silent.

At Courneuve they entered an abandoned house to divide their money. Truth compels me to say that the division was honestly made, and, when he heard the fine crowns sounding under his blouse and thought of the future games of galoche, little Stenne thought his crime was not so dreadful after all.

But when he was alone, the unhappy child—when at the gates of the city the large boy left him, then his pockets grew heavy and the hand that had been grasping his heart held it tighter still. Paris seemed no longer the same to him; the passers-by regarded him severely, as if they knew from whence he came, and he heard the word "spy" in all the sounds of the street and the beating of the drums along the canal where the troops were exercising. At last he reached his home, and, glad to find that his father had not come in, he hurried to his room and hid the crowns that were weighing so heavily under his pillow. Never had Father Stenne been so good-humored and joyous as he was that night on coming home. Good news had been received from the provinces; the country's affairs were going better. Whilst he was eating, the old soldier looked at his gun hung on the wall and he said to the boy, with a hearty laugh: "Hey! my son, how you would go after the Prussians, if you were old enough!" About eight o'clock they heard the sound of a cannon. "It is at Aubervilliers; they are fighting at Bourget!" said the old man, who knew where all the forts were situated. Little Stenne grew pale, and, feigning great fatigue, went to bed, but not to sleep. The cannons were thundering continuously. He pictured to himself the sharpshooters going at night to surprise the Prussians, and falling into an ambuscade themselves. He recalled the sergeant who had smiled at him, and saw him stretched out there in the snow and so many others with him! * * * The price of all that blood was hidden there under his pillow, and it was he, the son of Mr. Steane—of a soldier— His tears choked him. In the adjoining room he heard his father walking to and fro, and then open a window. Down in the street the rappel was sounded; a battalion of mobiles were getting ready to start. Then there was no doubt about there being a real battle going on. The unhappy boy could not keep back his sobs.

"What is the matter with you?" asked his father, entering his room. The child could bear it no longer; he jumped from his bed and threw himself at his father's feet. In so doing the silver crowns rolled down on the floor.

"What is this? Have you been stealing?" asked the old man, beginning to tremble. Then, all in one breath, little Stenne told him that he had been to the Prussians, and all that he had done, and as he was speaking, he felt his heart grow lighter; it comforted him to make the confession. His father listened to him with a terrible look on his face, and when the story was told, he buried his face in his hands and wept.

"Father, father —" the child tried to say, but the old man pushed him on without replying to him, and picked up the money.

"Is that all?" he asked. Little Stenne made a sign that it was; then the old man took down his gun and cartridges, and putting the money in his pocket, said:

"I am going to return it to them," said he, and without another word—without even turning his head, he went down into the street, and joined the mobiles who were starting off in the night. He was never seen again!—*From the French of Alphonse Daudet.*

A Deed of Heroism.

Perhaps the most daring deed ever won by old England's Legion of Honor was that which was successfully performed by Kavanagh during the Indian mutiny. Lucknow was b sieged, and its garrison was starving. Besides the little band of devoted men, there were also women and children cooped up in the Residency, at the mercy of some fifty or sixty thousand savage and relentless foes. Daily, nay hourly, the little garrison was growing weaker and weaker, and nearer and nearer were pressing the dusky sepoys, until it became a matter of life and death to the heroic few that Sir Colin Campbell, who was known to be advancing to their relief, should be at once informed of their real state and their inability to hold out much longer. A volunteer was called for, a man who would consent to be disguised as a sepoy, and who would risk his life among the mutineers, in order to make the best of his way to the advancing army. The call was immediately responded to, and two or three men exhibited their willingness to undertake the task.

From these brave volunteers an Irishman named Kavanagh was chosen, who, to his other various qualifications, added a knowledge of the enemy's customs and a thorough acquaintance with their language. The commandant shook the brave man by the hand, and frankly informed him of the dangerous nature of the task he had undertaken; how it was more than probable that he might lose his life in the attempt. But the gallant fellow persisted; and his skin was at once colored by means of burnt cork and other material to the necessary hue. He was then dressed in the regular outfit of a sepoy soldier. When night set in, he started on his lonely and perilous mission, amid the hearty "God-speeds" of the famishing garrison. In his breast he carried dispatches for Sir Colin Campbell, with the contents of which he had been made acquainted, in case of their loss.

He succeeded, after many narrow escapes and great hardships—during which he often had to pass night after night in the detested enemy's camp, and to march shoulder to shoulder with them in the daytime; and when he left them, to swim across rivers, or to crawl through the tangled thickets where the deadly tiger asserts his sway—in reaching Sir Colin Campbell's camp; where, to finish his stirring adventures, he was fired at and nearly shot by the British outposts. Kavanagh's narrative was listened to with rapt attention by Sir Colin, who immediately gave orders for the army to advance as quickly as possible to the aid of the gallant defenders of the Residency. How the latter were rescued is a matter of history. Kavanagh lived long enough to wear his cross, though he lost his life shortly afterward in battle with the same enemy; but the noble example he left behind him was not lost on the brave hearts who eventually saved India for England.

What the Eyes See in Reading.

M. Javel has lately published observations on the mode in which the eye "takes in" the successive letters on a printed page. We are not to suppose, he says, that in reading a line one passes successively from the lower part of a letter to the upper part, then down the next letter, up the next, and so on, the vision describing a wavy line. The fixation takes place with extreme precision along a straight line, traversing the junction of the upper third of the letter with the lower two-thirds. This is this line not in the middle. Because characteristic parts of the letters are more frequently above than below, in the proportion of about seventy-five per cent. That this is so, we can see by applying on a line of typographic characters a sheet of paper covering the line in its lower two-thirds, and leaving the upper third exposed. We can then read the letters almost as well as if they had not been concealed in greater part. But the case is very different if we cover the upper two-thirds of the line; the lowest third alone does not furnish sufficient for recognition. The characteristic part of the letters, then, is chiefly in their upper portion. M. Javel next compares the ancient typographic characters with those of modern books, and maintains that the latter have too much uniformity, so that, taken in their upper parts alone, many of them may be confounded in reading. The old letters, on the other hand, had each a particular sign by which they could be easily distinguished. In the works printed by the celebrated old publishing house of the Elzevirs the a, for example, had no resemblance to o, the r could not be confounded with the n, as now, nor the c or e with the o, the b with h, etc. This too great uniformity in the upper part of typographic characters should be corrected, since it is to that part we chiefly look in reading.

A Pigmy Painter.

In a recent exhibition of old and curious paintings in Holland was a portrait of Oliver Cromwell. It was by no means a masterpiece of art, being a somewhat feeble imitation in style of Sir Peter Lely, the court painter of Charles I. of England. But it was a real curiosity in its way.

Its painter was Richard Gibson, otherwise known as the "dwarf artist." Gibson was three feet two inches high. He was born in 1615. While serving as a page for a lady at Mortlake, she noticed his talent for drawing, and caused him to be instructed by De Keeyn, the superintendent of the famous Mortlake tapestry works. The little artist became very skillful as a copier of Sir Peter Lely's pictures, and attracted the attention of Queen Henrietta Maria. She made him her husband's page, and married him to a dwarf young lady of exactly his own height, who waited on her. The wedding of the dainty little pair was honored by the presence of the king and queen, and Edmund Waller, the poet, commemorated it by a poem.

When Charles lost his scepter and his head, and passed with his queen out of English lines, his little protege lived and throve. He had painted the king's portrait, and now was called upon to limn that of the protector. Cromwell regarded him with particular and kindly favor. On the restoration he again changed coats, and entered the service of Charles II. He was drawing master to the Princesses Mary and Anne. But the wild court of the son of this old master did not suit the tastes of the pigmy painter, now grown old. He retired to private life, and died in 1690. His wife, after giving birth to nine children, all of whom attained ordinary size, died in 1709, at the age of ninety.

HOW HE GOT HIS MONEY.

Porter Leonard's Journey Into the Wilds of Colorado. A Woman's Keen Wit against a Man's Vigilance and Pluck.

The St. Louis *Globe Democrat* says: Albert Lindell, the heir of the Lindell estate, who recently came of age, has executed an absolute quit claim on all of Albert Lindell's estate by his step-father and attorney in fact, Dr. Davis, in favor of Mr. Lindell's mother (who is also Dr. Davis' wife). During his minority Mr. Lindell had an allowance of only $50 a month, but he was trusted to the amount of thousands by persons who hoped to get their pay on his attaining to his majority. He owed Porter Leonard, a stable-keeper, almost $2,000 for livery and cash borrowed. Suddenly, Lindell disappeared, his step-father having taken him to Leadville, and there he has since remained.

In a short time the doctor returned and with him he had an absolute power of attorney over the whole of Lindell's estate. Several lawyers who saw it say it put every inch of Albert Lindell's property completely under the control of Dr. Davis, as far as selling it, mortgaging, raising loans on it, etc., were concerned. In view of the transaction of the day before yesterday, it is pointed out by a number of lawyers that although the power transferred was absolute in the direction indicated, yet it did not give the doctor any authority to give a quit claim deed. A rather singular circumstance is that the transfer of Dr. Davis was made on the very day "Al." Lindell became of age, March 24. The doctor lost no time in raising a loan of $12,000 or $13,000 on some of the property.

Porter Leonard saw that he must get his money now or never. He had prepared a demand note for the amount and started for Leadville, fancying that he could, in the absence of Dr. Davis or Mrs. Davis, who is the mother of Lindell, induce the latter to sign it. To cover up his tracks Porter Leonard gave out that he was going east on the races. Only one person in St. Louis knew where he really was going, and the object.

In Kansas City the first person Mr. Leonard met in the sleeping coach going to Denver was Albert Lindell's mother. The two were well acquainted. With a woman's instinct Mrs. Davis divined what the livery stable man wanted, and her purpose to put him off the track was promptly made. Porter Leonard took in the situation at a glance. He reasoned that Albert was going on to see her son; she knows I am going also to see him, and she knows I have a bill against him; that bill she does not want him to pay; she will try and give me the slip, and telegraph Albert to meet her at some place unknown to me; therefore, in order to see Albert, I must follow Mrs. Davis all over the country if necessary.

Of course they had to speak. Leonard broke the ice by asking if she chatted pleasantly, each perfectly understanding the other, and yet each endeavoring to conceal that knowledge.

At an intermediate station Mrs. Davis stepped off and went to the telegraph office. Porter Leonard kept his eye on her, and when she came out he slipped in unobserved by her. The operator was a lad of fifteen, and had not yet learned the great essential of keeping his mouth shut.

"Ah, ah, sonny, hard at work, eh? Take a cigar. Can you send a telegram for me to St. Louis? By the way, that lady who was just in here is from St. Louis, and she's a friend of mine. Now, I'll bet you anything she sent a message to St. Louis and said something about me. Maybe I haven't got a wife."

"Why, yes," the boy innocently replied: "she sent a message to Dr. G. W. Davis, St. Louis, and she said, 'Port Leonard is following me.'"

"Just what I thought. Now send a message to John McCreery, Ninth and Pine streets, St. Louis, and say: 'Am on train with Mrs. Davis; will follow her to California if she goes there.'"

Porter Leonard knew that this message, handed in by the boy, gave him another cigar, told him he was smart as a chain of lightning, and got on the train just in time. As the train neared Denver Mrs. Davis got very anxious.

"What hotel are you going to, Mrs Davis?" Leonard inquired.

Mrs. Davis said she did not know.

"What hotel are you going to?" she asked.

"Don't know."

The checkman came round. Porter Leonard said he would decide at the depot where he would stop; he thought he would go to a private house. Neither did Mrs. Davis want her baggage checked. Porter Leonard stepped out on the platform, closed the door and peeped through the window. He saw Mrs. Davis buy a check. When the checkman came to Porter Leonard he said:

"My friend, it's a matter of several thousand dollars to me to find out where that lady is going to stop."

"Well, she told me not to let you know. It's nothing to do with me, but she goes to the Grand Central."

A more disturbed lady cannot be imagined than Mrs. Davis when she saw the burly form of Porter Leonard push itself into the Grand Central transfer. Mrs. Davis went to her room and sent for he clerk. When he came down, "t Porl" put on his most winning airs to the clerk, praised Denver and the Grand Central, and stood the cigars. The clerk yielded to the pressure. He said that Mrs Davis had told him not to let anybody know where she was going, and that she intrusted him to send a dispatch to Albert Lindell, Leadville; that she was going in the morning to Pueblo or Cannon City, and that he must meet her at one of the places on receipt of another dispatch.

Mr. Leonard did not go to bed that night. At early morn Mrs. Davis can down in traveling custume. She took the 'bus, and Mr. Leonard followed.

"Where are you going, Mr. Leonard?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Davis. Isn't it strange we should both go by the early train?"

Mrs. Davis did think it strange. She said she thought she would take a trip on the Rio Grande road.

"Well, now, that's odd; I'm going to take the same road, but I don't know how far I shall go."

Mrs. Davis went all the way to Pueblo. So did Mr. Leonard, and the two put up at the same hotel. A liberal amount of treating induced the clerk to reveal the fact that Mrs. Davis would take the train for Canon City next morning at five o'clock. Mr. Leonard laft positive orders to be called up in time. The clerk neglected this duty, but Mr. Leonard was awakened at 4:30 by the discharge of a gun in the neighborhood. Hastily dressing, he went down stairs and saw Mrs. Davis get into the 'bus. From this point she two did not speak. In Canon City Mrs. Davis gave up the game. She and Porter Leonard took the same stage for Leadville, she being inside and he on top. Both stopped at the Grand Hotel, Mrs. Davis having telegraphed to her son to meet her there. In about an hour "Al." strolled in and went to the office. Porter Leonard slapped him on the shoulder and told him that his mother was up stairs. Mother and son had an hour's conference. The sights of Leadville were taken in by Albert Lindell and Mr. Leonard. When they met the next morning Albert wanted his customary drink, but his friend Leonard told him he had better not take any; that he had some important business to transact with him. In the presence of a third party Mr. Leonard told Mr. Lindell of the purpose of his visit. There is a demand note for $2,059," he said: "you know the account is correct, and you must sign it." Albert begged for time, but Porter Leonard was inexorable; and he said he had waited long enough for his money. At last young Lindell consented to sign the note, payable to his "attorney in fact, Dr. Davis, if Leonard would lend him $100 cash. Mr. Leonard did this, and added the amount to the note. This business was transacted to his perfect satisfaction. Mr. Leonard took the first coach for Webster, and returned to Denver by the South Park road. Dr. Davis honored the note, and secured it by a deed of trust. The deed was recorded on the day on which it was delivered, and Porter Leonard is happy.

Captain Falcon's Devil-Fish.

While talking over the incidents attending his cruise in the yacht Falcon, on the Gulf of Mexico, the other day to a party of friends, including a *Tribune* reporter, Captain Peter Falcon, the noted submarine diver, was asked if he ever fell in with any of those terribly ugly-looking monsters of the sea—the devil-fish—whose appearance so many writers have given inadequate descriptions of. As Captain Falcon remarked, the devil-fish must be seen in all his horrible monstrosity to be fully appreciated. He would not attempt any description of one, but he told a thrilling narrative of the manner in which himself and a companion captured one. It was about 4 P.M., on the 2d of last May, when the Falcon stood off the mouth of Tampa bay, her only occupants being her owner and master, Captain Falcon and Fred Dawson, of South Haven, Mich., who had accompanied the former on the cruise. The trim and staunch little craft was bowling along at a fair rate of speed, when the captain discovered half a dozen devil-fish going over the surface of the water faster than one of our harbor tugs when running "wide-open" after a tow. After repeated efforts to get near one of the Mephistopheles of the Gulf, they finally succeeded in approaching within ten feet of a fellow of fair size, and Captain Falcon seized a harpoon, and, with a well-directed effort, plunged it into the monster so far that it penetrated its heart. Nevertheless the big fish ran for deep water as if satan himself was in him. The line attached to the harpoon was paid out gradually and the yacht was plunging through the water with an immense "bone in her mouth," while in the wake of the flying monster the seething and foaming sea was discolored with the blood from the fatal wound. The loss of blood weakened the leviathan so that the captain and his companion were enabled to reach him, and he was hauled up alongside and raised sufficiently upon the surface of the water to afford a close observation. "Well," said the captain, bringing down his fist so as to express the stronger his astonishment at the sight, "it looked like the very evil one himself. His mouth measured thirty-two inches in width and was opened eighteen inches. From tip to tip of his 'suckers' was sixteen feet, and his body the same length from the tip of the nose to the end of his tail, which was three feet long. We cut him adrift and let him go, thinking there was no life in him, but he bobbed his head up and down several times. Dawson said he would like to strike one, and, after several attempts, we succeeded in getting alongside of one of the biggest of the school. Fred drove the harpoon through a rib or two of the fellow, and he came up on the starboard side and presented himself in all his hideousness. I tell you he looked like the evil one himself, as I have been led to believe his satanic majesty appears, and he ran furiously and fast, taking the Falcon along at the rate of about twenty miles an hour. We said out the line and let him go bounding off, and when I got to the end of the seventy-five fathoms—the length of the line—he snapped it like a thread and sped on out of sight. Why, I believe that fellow had 'suckers' fully twenty-four feet across, and he was awful to look at."—*Chicago Tribune.*

How a Daring Man Saved His Life.

Of a Captain Akey, who killed a man in Nevada recently, the Eureka (Nev.) *Leader* tells the following story: At the breaking out of the war Akey was mining in Tuolumne county, California, and, with a number of other residents, volunteered his services. A company was raised, all good men, and he was elected captain. Much to their disappointment the government decided to keep them in California, and they were ordered to Humboldt bay. Akey's head was turned by the authority conferred upon him, and he began a series of petty persecutions which almost drove his men mad. They bore it for months, until it passed beyond the limits of endurance, and then they resolved to end it. This resolve took the form of a determination never to obey another command of Akey's. This was nothing more nor less than mutiny, and was punishable with death; but the boys preferred that to the tyranny under which they had groaned and suffered so long.

An order had been received to proceed from Humboldt bay to Red Bluffs, and Akey went by the way of the ocean to San Francisco, while the company crossed the mountains. They were encamped on the bank of the Sacramento river when he arrived, and the crisis came as soon as he put his foot in camp. He called the company out on parade and ordered all those who had resolved to repudiate him to step two paces on the front. Ninety men, the entire strength, firmly took the steps. The sheriff of Tehama county was with him, and, turning to that officer, he asked if he would assist him in arresting the orderly sergeant. The officer replied that he would, and the two started to do so, when they were both covered with fifty revolvers, the ominous click of which sounded painfully intense. The sheriff took to his heels and never stopped until he reached the ferry, a quarter of a mile distant, but Akey confronted the angry men as coolly as if nothing extraordinary was happening. The color never left his face, nor did a tremor disturb his equanimity, although he fully realized that the men were thirsting for his blood. Nothing but his bravery saved him, for they had fully determined upon killing him, but as he an his eyes up and down the line and said: "Boys, the odds are too much," they respected his courage, dropped their weapons and allowed him slowly to retire. The upshot of the affair was that he was relieved of his command, and, after an investigation of the circumstances, was discharged from the service. There was at first a determination on the part of the government to court-martial the soldiers, but the offence was finally condoned and they served out their enlistment. It is the only instance of the kind on record of a mutiny going unpunished.

The Author of Cheap Postage.

Probably not one person in a thousand in the United States is aware that the so justly celebrated Sir Rowland Hill, who was the means of the introduction of the penny postage system into Great Britain and Ireland, is still living. But such is the case. Though born near Birmingham in 1795, and consequently an octogenarian and four years better, he is still in good health and in the full possession of his faculties.

The Court of Common Council of London, having regard to the vast benefits conferred upon the commercial community by those measures of postal reform with which his name will ever be associated, has paid him a graceful compliment by sending a deputation to his house at Hampstead to confer upon him the freedom of the city of London. The veteran reformer replied at some length, saying, among other things, that a letter could now be sent from Egypt to San Francisco for a smaller sum than in 1839 was charged on a letter coming from the city of London to Hampstead a distance of a few miles.

It was in 1837 that Sir Rowland published a pamphlet first developing his new postal system; in 1838 it was recommended by a parliamentary committee for adoption; and in 1840 penny postage was carried into effect. In 1846 he received a testimonial from the public amounting to $66,800, and was subsequently made secretary of the general postoffice.—*Chicago News.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

The *Science of Health* says: "If farmers would avoid suddenly cooling the body after great exertions, if they would be careful not to go with wet clothing and wet feet, and if they would not overeat when in that exhausted condition, and bathe daily, using much friction, they would have little or no rheumatism."

A Zululand letter says that the Prince Imperial died fighting, and must have sold his life dearly. In the right hand of the corpse was found a tuft of hair, of native fiber, while the path marked by the Zulus in quitting the fatal spot was stained for a hundred yards with gouts of blood, supposed to have dropped from wounded men being borne away by their comrades.

The *Scientific American* says that the narrowest gauge and the cheapest railway as yet brought out is that of D. B. James, Visalia, Cal. Two stout bars of wood, so laid as to leave a groove between them, form the track. On this track a wheel with a bulge in the middle of its periphery that fits the groove is used, the wheel having a broad flange at each side of the bulge. One of these wheels placed at each end of a plank forms the car. It is alleged that twelve miles an hour can be got out of a wooden railway of this construction; and that its carrying capacity is very great. The cost is estimated at one thousand dollars a mile.

For a year or two past the newspapers have been printing long lists of the great and universal evils predicted by astrologers and astronomers to follow a certain extraordinary conjunction of four planets in 1881. But now comes the Washington critic with the assertion that it has interviewed Professor Simon Newcomb on the subject, and he says that there will be no such conjunction—that instead of marshaling themselves in an order unprecedented since the date assigned to the creation of the world in the Mosaic chronology, the planets during the year 1881 will continue the even tenor of their way, and present no phenomenon that can be considered at all remarkable.

The Mexican government is trying to replenish its exhausted treasury by levying a heavy internal tax on the cotton and woolen manufactures of that country. These manufactures amount to about $200,00,000 a year, and the government thinks that the manufacturers can afford to pay at least $500,000 in internal taxes in order to protect the home manufacturing from disastrous foreign competition, the tariff on American and English goods is proportionately increased. The new tax is, however, very unpopular, the manufacturers, tradesmen and people being all opposed to it, as they are all affected by it, and some of the manufacturers threaten to close their mills altogether.

People who do not read the shipping lists or have occasion to cruise about the harbor, says a New York paper, may be surprised to learn that of foreign vessels arriving at the port of New York, Norway has more than any country save Great Britain, and Italy follows closely after Norway. Seamanship is not a matter of climate in Europe. The Genoese, the Neapolitan and the Sicilian take to the salt water as readily as the dwellers by the Norway fiords. The favorite Italian build for vessels is the stubby brig, but the Norwegians prefer the bark, and usually model a more graceful hull. Both nations are sharp competitors for the jobbing trade of navigation. Their vessels are small and are commanded by shrewd, thifty captains who are quick to pick up a cargo for any quarter of the world if a trifling profit can be earned. The cheap construction of these crafts and the low wages of the seamen enable them to earn money for their owners at rates of freightage that would be unprofitable for our well-built, high-wooled American ships. Many of them founder at sea every year owing to their flimsy build, but there are plenty of new ones to take their places.

The *Mai Nichi Shinbun*, a Japanese newspaper, tells a story which ought to be interesting to ethnologists, who claim that some of the American Indian tribes are descended from persons who were carried to this continent against their will by the storms of the ocean. About forty years ago Yamamoto Otokichi, a native of Onohara-mura, Chitagori, on the prince of Owari, Japan, who followed the sea, was, while sailing with two companions between Tokio and Nagoya, carried by a typhoon to the American coast. They landed on the shores of the Pacific, and were hospitably received by the Indians. An English ship subsequently took Otokichi back to Japan, but the Japanese laws at that time forbade any Japanese who had departed from his country to return to it under penalty of death. The English vessel, therefore, took their passenger to Shanghai. There Otokichi married. He subsequently went to Singapore, where he resided until his death. He had one son, who assumed the English name of John W. Hudson, but it was the father's earnest wish that he should go back to Japan, and become a Japanese subject. Mr. Hudson accordingly made an application to the authorities in Japan for leave to be naturalized. The petition was granted, and Mr. Hudson has since been appointed to a government office.

Emigrant Icelanders.

Among the passengers landed at Castle Garden, New York, by the ocean steamer Anchoria, were fourteen families of Icelanders, consisting of seventy-six persons. They are the first large batch of Icelanders that ever arrived at New York, and it is their intention to go to Minnesota, where they will found a colony, which will be further increased by emigration if the pioneers should find success in their new homes. They had a very pleasant voyage, keeping altogether apart from the other passengers, and the only thing that happened to mar their journey was the death of Kiesteun Ryensen, an old lady of the party, who died at sea just previous to the ship's arrival.

The Icelanders seemed very much pleased when they had been landed at Castle Garden and expressed themselves so to the interpreter. They complained, however, of the warm climate, and, seemingly, not without just cause, as they were wrapped in heavy Arctic clothing, which they seemed very reluctant to relinquish. The party consists of about thirty middle-aged persons with a great many children. They all spoke in the Norwegian tongue. The men were short of stature and seemed to be intelligent. They were dressed in heavy pea jackets, coarse trousers, thick flannel shirts and caps with appendages for the ears. The women wore woolen dresses and heavy woolen shawls, and instead of hats they had a sort of head dress consisting of a round piece of black cloth resting on the top of the head, from which depended a long black tassel attached by a silver band, which swayed to and fro in response to the movements of the wearer. The children were also dressed in heavy clothing and, as well as the women, were moccasins instead of shoes. The party bring some money with them, one man having $1,755 and the others sums ranging from $125 to $750. They seem to be very simple and confiding people, and were perfectly satisfied with all that the authorities did for them in the way of exchanging money and procuring railway passage. The Icelanders left Castle Garden for Minnesota, by way of the Pennsylvania railroad.—*New York Herald.*

A Romantic Marriage.

A gentleman doing business at Benton, California, was married recently at the Ormsby House, in Carson, to a handsome and charming young lady from Boston. This alone would naturally be considered a too commonplace affair to be styled a romantic one, as men do very often get married to charming girls; some find that state a path strewn with roses, and others again find in it a foretaste of the sulphuric existence. The marriage referred to herein, however, turns out to be a very happy one, to which some real romance is attached. A prominent government official who recently visited this city was on the train with the young lady, and from him the following is gleaned: She was very attractive, possessing a great fund of refined humor and fascinating conversational faculities; everything denoted her to be an admirable young lady. She stated that she came from Boston, and had no hesitancy about informing those who asked respecting her destination, that she expected to meet a gentleman friend at Wadsworth, with whom she would proceed to Carson. Her manners were so captivating that everybody on the train paid her great attention; but one thing seemed to puzzle her fellow passengers, and that was a large bright red rose fastened to the left side of her hat, which was so far from harmonizing with the remainder of her modest and tasteful attire. When the train reached Wadsworth a gentleman boarded it. He was neatly attired, with one exception, and that was a flaming red silk handkerchief, which he had carelessly tied around his neck. The young lady from Boston cordially greeted the gentleman, as if they had been life-long friends. The odd coincident features in the attire of both the lady and gentleman set the passengers on the train to conjecturing as to what they signified, and one gentleman who had been specially kind and attentive to the young lady was taken into her confidence, to whom she revealed the fact that the gentleman with the red handkerchief was to be her husband. Neither the lady or gentleman had ever met before, in fact, had not even exchanged pictures, but corresponded with each other for a long while, until their apparent intellectual attainments had formed a bond of affection which resulted in their marriage. It was stipulated that the gentleman should meet his affianced at Wadsworth, and, to enable them to recognize each other, the lady was to wear the red rose in her hat, and he to clothe his neck in a similarly colored silk handkerchief. This bit of romance soon made the rounds of the whole train, and there being no question as to the high respectability of the couple, they were the recipients of the warmest congratulations and expressions of best wishes from the other ladies and gentlemen on the cars. Mr. B. and Miss G. were united in marriage by the rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church here. The newly-wedded couple remained in the city several days, and are now living at Benton.—*Carson (Nev.) Appeal.*

Where Two Lost Children Were.

John Henry, aged thirteen, and his sister Alice, aged nine, left their mother's house, near Turkey Run, Pa., for the purpose of picking berries. The children were familiar with the mountain paths for miles around their home, and consequently, when they did not return for dinner, their mother was not at all frightened. When the afternoon passed, however, and the sh

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

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CENTRE HALL, Pa., Aug. 21, 1879.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR STATE TREASURER.
DANIEL O. BARR, of Allegheny.

IMPORTANT TO VOTERS.

The next election in Pennsylvania will be held on Tuesday, the 4th of November.

Voters must be assessed two months preceding the election, that is, on or before Thursday, September 4th.

Voters must have paid a state or county tax one month preceding the election, that is, on or before Saturday, October 4th.

Members of Democratic state, county, and city committees should see to it that every voter of our party has complied with the law.

Failure to pay tax in season deprives the voter of the privilege of suffrage. An elector can swear in his vote, though he be not assessed, but the neglect may cause him much trouble.

The Wallace committee is exposing some very disreputable practices in Cincinnati to carry elections that puts the worst southern bulldozing in the shade.

It is thought now that Conkling is dead—politically, without the aid of Sprague's shot-gun. This Narraganset affair makes one presidential candidate less. Conkling should go see Simon and the widow next.

The Williamsport *Gaz., & Bulletin* rad., says, "Thousands of democrats admit that Republican candidate for state treasurer will be elected."

Now if that organ will mention the names of only 5, we will let its next lie go unchallenged.

Another residence for a professor is being erected at State College, at a cost as we are informed, of $6500. A fine house can be put up in these times when material and labor are low, for $3000, and would be abundantly fine enough for any professor, but you see it is not a private but a public fund from which the pay is drawn.

We should like to have one of the stalwart organs to answer the REPORTER whether the shot gun policy in Rhode Island, a la Sprague, is more respectable than the much magnified "shot-gun policy" in the south. If two southern leaders had engaged in a scene like that between Sprague and Conkling, a tremendous howl would have run through all the radical sheets of the north over the terrible shot gun business in the South. But when such things occur in the north it is all right, of course.

The New York Herald in reply to the insolent question of republican newspapers, what good has been accomplished by the democratic congress? very pertinently answered that just as soon as the appropriations came under the control of the democrats *the lobby disappeared from Washington*. The Herald might have added that as soon as the democrats obtained control of congress the interest on all that part of the public debt which could be refunded was reduced to four per cent. If, then, the people wish the return of the republican party to power they must wish the lobby back in Washington and the interest on government bonds restored to 6 per cent.

The *Times* says: It is well enough to be reminded once in a while that intimidation is not confined to one party or one section. The Wallace committee, which has been doing a little investigating work in Rhode Island, struck some witnesses the other day who testified to the existence of bull-dozing in that little Commonwealth. The bull-dozers in New England were not armed with shotguns, but the weapon they used was hardly less persuasive, being a threat of discharge from employment unless the employe voted the ticket presented by his employer. Cases were cited in the hearing at Providence where squads of men from large manufacturing establishments, many of whom were Democrats, were marched to the polls by their employers, provided with Republican tickets and forced to deposit them in the ballot-box on pain of losing their places if they attempted to display any independence. Having struck a bull-dozing lead, the Wallace committee propose to follow it up, and they are soon going to Massachusetts, where the Butler managers promise to furnish them with some sensational cases. There is no doubt that political intimidation of this sort has been employed altogether too freely in Republican New England, and it will do good to let in a little light upon the system.

Hartranft is either an important person or a fool and a tool judging from the manner he is kicked around like a football for one office and another, and another, all the time by his admirers. He must be tough as leather or light as a feather else he could not survive being jerked out and proposed for so many very important places as has been his lot in the last year. An exchange enumerates them thus:

Postmaster of Philadelphia;
Major General of the National Guard;
Secretary of War in McCrary's place;
Minister to England in Welch's place;
Minister to Russia in Stoughton's place;
High Sheriff of Philadelphia;
Register of Deeds of Philadelphia:
Treasurer of Philadelphia;
United States Senate in place of Wallace;
Vice President with General Grant or John Sherman;
President in place of Hayes;

We think Hartranft should be allowed a short rest, and not be killed off with kindness straight ahead—don't smother the man under a mountain of suggestions for high places.

There never was such a man "in all Isreal."

We trust that his end may never be brought about from mortification and disappointment after all the good will of that is shown for him.

Democrats, see that you are assessed and pay your taxes in time.

Barr is the honest man's candidate for state treasurer. Butler is the nominee of Kemble and the ring who are now under bail for corrupt practices.

Taxes must be paid 30 days before election—registry must be 60 days before."

The average American kitchen and Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills both know Dyspepsia; the one creates it, the other destroyes it. Price 25 cents.

For the last 12 months there has been a perceptible indication in the revival of business in this country, which has been referred to heretofore in the REPORTER. We felt confident long ago that we had reached the lowest stage of the depression in all branches of trade, and that any change must be for the better. There is a sure indication of this, we are pleased to find in an extract from an article in the N. Y. Herald of 18. The Herald says the country is hardly yet fully aware of the extent of the revival of industry and enterprise which is at last upon us. Railroad people tell us that the present year will see more miles of new road built than any previous year in our history, except one or two; and to a great extent at least the new roads are connections and feeders of well established trunk lines in the West, whose completion will open large tracts of new and fertile lands to profitable settlement. Within a year or fourteen months it is probable that the new transcontinental lines will be in operation, the Northern Pacific having just closed contracts for two hundred miles of each end of that road, with a promise of filling the intermediate space within a year. In the South the Southern Pacific of California and a St. Louis road are rapidly approaching each other, and will make a junction some time next year. In the interior of the continent new roads are extending north and south, and when we consider the railroad work in hand we cease to wonder at Mr. Hewitt's report that all the iron men who have the situation and the machinery to make cheap iron are hard at work and making money.

Meantime there is a multitude of new canal and internal improvement projects both here and in Europe. There are the Panama and the Nicaragua Ship canals, the Florida Ship Canal, a new railroad to connect New York and Chicago, and the improvement of the Mississippi. In England they are even talking about a bridge across the British Channel, but that looks to us like a joke. Even with money at two per cent. people will hesitate to put it into such bridge stock. In France they have voted twenty million dollars for harbor improvements; French engineers are planning a railroad from Algiers to Timbuctoo; the Russians are about to divert the course of the Oxus into its ancient bed. In South and Central America railroad building is going on on a large scale.

In fact, all the world is preparing to spend a great deal of money in the next few years in substantial and important improvements, tending to the convenience of commerce and intercommunication, and as these numerous projects will employ great armies of laborers, who must be clothed and fed, and who need tools, there is fair reason to expect that those who stick to legitimate industrial occupations and avoid mere speculation have before them a period of "good times."

SUIT AGAINST KEMBLE & CO.

Kemble & Co., have been put under bail, for attempting to corrupt the legislature last winter in the passage of the riot bill. The case will be tried in the Dauphin county court early in September. Eminent counsel has been employed on both sides—on the side of the prosecution' Senator Carpenter, Judge Black, and Franklin B. Gowon have been retained, who are among the ablest, if not the ablest, attorneys in this country.

We are anxious what the result of this prosecution will be. That Kemble & Co. are guilty, the Wolfe investigation has already proven. That Kemble is corrupt, was long ago established by his "addition, division and silence" letter which was the foundation of the Evans, embezzlement some years ago. Kemble is the leader of the republican party in our state—but the penitentiary is his place as much as it was for Tweed, of opposite politics, who played his game of corruption in New York until the hand of justice guided by democratic counsel, overtook him. Tweed did not find sympathy with the democratic party when his practices were discovered. Kemble is backed and defended by his party. Here is a contrast that the citizen should mark: The democratic party assisted in bringing an arch rogue, Tweed, in its ranks, to justice; the republican party continues to shelter and defend an arch corruptionist, Kemble, even after a legislative committe has found him guilty.

This trial will be watched with interest and anxiety by all, especially by those who are desirous of seeing a stop put to corruption in our legislative halls. If Kemble & Co. can manage to have a packed jury, then they will go unpunished and the new constitution with its stringent provisions against the bad work which Kemble and his gang thrived upon, will be a dead letter and a mockery.

We will see, and keep the readers of the Reporter posted in the progress of the trial at the proper time.

SUFFRAGE IN RHODE ISLAND.

The investigating committee of the United States senate of which Senator Wallace is chairman is at present holding sessions at Providence, Rhode Island, for the purpose of inquiring into the nature and operation of the election laws of that state. It is not perhaps generally known that under the constitution and laws of Rhode Island no citizen of foreign birth can exercise the right of suffrage unless he is the owner of real estate of the worth of at least $134. The examination of witnesses before this committee, has already brought into startling prominence the glaring and monstrous inequality which foreign born citizens of the United States resident in Rhode Island are obliged to endure. For instance Major William H. Joyce testified that he had been naturalized but never voted because he did not own the necessary $134 worth of real estate and would not purchase land in order to acquire the right to vote as he believed suffrage ought to be based on manhood and not on property. Mr. Moran told the committee that he fought for the Union in the war of the rebellion, and was naturalized, but as he did not own $134 worth of real estate he was denied the privilege of voting. Mr. Duffy's testimony was that he had served in the federal army, was naturalized, had owned some property until through adversity he lost it; since then he could not vote, "while black men who came from the south to Rhode Island qualified as electors by paying a registry fee of one dollar." Mr. Porthouse testified that he was foreign-born and naturalized but had never possessed the means to purchase real estate and was therefore disfranchised. Several witnesses also stated that they had owned real estate which was condemned by the city for improvment purposes and that by the condemnation they were disfranchised. Suppose, now, that the southern states were to adopt the Rhode Island idea of a property qualification for their voters, what groans of bitter lamentation would issue from the lips of the stalwart leaders and what rivers of crocodile tears would be shed by the editors of the radical organs. Yet here is a New England state disfranchising its citizens on account of their nativity, a New England state which year after year repeats its majorities for the republican ticket, which is represented in congress by a solid republican delegation, and whose laws are made by an almost unanimously republican legislature, and not a word of condemnation, not a whimper of complaint of the odious, unrepublican discrimination against naturalized citizens has ever proceeded from tongue or pen of republican statesman or publicist. Here is proof of the insincerity of the republican party cry of "manhood suffrage" sufficient to satisfy any reasonable mind.

AN OLD FASHIONED SPORT.

A PHILADELPHIA BANKER'S SUMMER TRIP—A FIVE HUNDRED MILE DRIVE FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE.

Philadelphia, August 13, 1879.—Colonel B. K. Jamison, the banker, has just returned from a holiday trip which he describes as being as delightful and invigorating as it was unique and sportsmanlike. The Colonel is very fond of horses, and is famous as a gentleman driver. Instead of doing Cape May and Newport this season he determined to spend his vacation by taking a drive of about five hundred miles through the beautiful scenery of interior Pennsylvania, driving his own equipage and team and carrying his own comforts and luxuries in the old-fashioned, independent way.

He had made for the trip a light traveling carriage, which is somewhat of a novelty. Large and roomy, with an oval dashboard containing watch case, pistol pouch, bull's eye headlight and two side lights, and furnished with the traditional "boot," which contains a willow trunk, made especially for the trip, the carriage was complete in its appointments by having pockets for card cases, glove pockets, an umbrella rack and a set of drawers for travelling supplies, the entire vehicle when fitted up weighing, all told, 650 pounds. A capital team of Kentucky horses furnished the motive power, and on the 11th of July Colonel Jamison, accompanied by his wife and son, a lady relative and a groom, started on a month's trip through the most beautiful part of Pennsylvania. The party went by rail to Lewistown, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and here Colonel Jamison gathered up the ribbons and started in earnest on a drive through a romantic and lovely country, the plan being to ride in the morning and evening and to rest during the heat of the day at the first convenient farmhouse or roadside tavern. Over the Seven Mountains the route was taken to Penn's valley, near the foot of Nittany Mountains. He reached Centre Hall on the afternoon of the 15, and after an hour's stay proceeded.

Arriving at Bellefonte on the evening of the 15th, Colonel Jamison was received by ex-Governor Curtin and other prominent citizens, who gave the visitors a trip to the Snow Shoe on a special car. Lock Haven was reached the next night, and thence the party went, via Jersey shore, to the beautiful Nippenose Valley, where they encamped for the remainder of the day. Crossing the valley and mountain Williamsport was reached the following night, and here three delightful days were spent enjoying the scenery being magnificent, especially at the point overlooking the junction of the north and west branches of the Susquehanna River at Northumberland. Crossing the river to Sunbury the trip progressed along the delightful valley of the Susquehanna. Bloomsburg, Shickshinny and Wilkesbarre being the points of rest. A trip from the latter point to the Wyoming camp ground, and thence to Scranton, was most enjoyable. Over the old State road, now rapidly falling into disuse, across the Broad Mountain, the worst travel of the entire trip was experienced, but the magnificent scenery through the wild sections of Pike and Monroe counties to the Delaware Water Gap recompensed the travellers. Thence the route was to Bethlehem, which was reached on Saturday, August 2, and that city was left on the following Monday.

Homeward bound, via Easton, the road was taken for Somerville, N. J., and from that point the carriage rolled through Bound Brook, New Brunswick, Redbank and Keyport to Long Branch. Here a short stop was made at the Ocean Hotel, and the party afterward visited Deal, Ocean Grove, Spring Lake and Sea Girt, a delightful three days' drive along the Atlantic coast, and an experience perhaps the most enjoyable of any of the trip. From the latter point the horses' heads were turned homeward, via Freehold, Hightstown and Trenton, the party reaching this city on Saturday evening last, having been gone nearly one month.

NOT BAD FOR GENERAL EWING.

The opponents of General Ewing in Ohio are constrained to admit that he was a gallant ad noble soldier in the war for the Union; also that he is a man of honor and probity and much more than average ability. That is a good deal; but they have been in the habit lately of adding that he used to be a republican and "Why did he turn democrat?" the suggestion being that he became a democrat to get office.

Thereupon Ewing's friends publish a letter of his, which appeared so long ago as November, 1867, and which tells precisely why he left the republican party. It was because he was opposed to the extreme reconstruction laws; and what he then foresaw as to the effect of these laws seems to us to show that General Ewing had the prevision of a statesman. He had fought the rebels and had helped beat down the rebellion and restore the Union; but when he saw his party establishing State governments in the South of the carpet-bag and negro kind, of which we have all come to know since, he was not willing; and in his letter he gives very good reasons for his opposition. He declared himself ready to vote for General Grant, but he wanted to know first how he stood on the reconstruction laws; and in what follows he, as it happened, foretold very accurately what resulted from these laws, which republicans now see to have been a mistake. He wrote:—

I want first to know whether Grant approves the reconstruction measures; for if he does I cannot support him. I regard them as mischievous—begot of revenge, misdirected philanthrophy and lust of power. I would as soon expect a house to stand on the crater of a living volcano as a State, where whites and blacks being nearly equal in numbers, the whites are proscribed and the blacks made rulers. Such a government cannot long have the heartfelt sympathy of any large body of white men anywhere. Blood is thicker than water, and Northern whites will sympathize with Southern whites in their struggle to shake off the incubus of negro rule. To punish the Southern whites for their treason the Northern people might possibly for a time be willing to afflict them with such governments; but self-interest forbids it. It were like the fabled war of the belly and the members. The North already groans under the punishment now being inflicted on the South, and must needs pay for the whip. The negro governments when formed, must be propped by Northern bayonets, and the North must pay for the bayonets; and however costly, they can never be safely withdrawn.

General Grant did approve of these laws; the carpet-bag and negro governments were established by him, and, as Ewing foresaw, he had to uphold them with bayonets for eight long years; and when President Hayes removed the bayonets they at once fell to pieces—but not until after a career of scandalous robbery and maladministration which lost the republican party both houses of Congress and gave it its President in 1876 only by juggles and the exhibition of military force which the country still remembers with disgust.

The republicans were not fortunate in drawing out this letter of Ewing. It will raise him in the esteem of all thoughtful men, for it shows that he foresaw evils to the country and to the republican party to which many men more prominent than he were blind. The letter will not hurt him in Ohio; and if he should be elected this fall it will be heard of next year.

Who knows—we may have a democratic President yet.

A five-year-old son of A. E. Benton, of New Mariboro, Mass., while playing in a large dry-goods box partly filled with hay, set fire to it and was burned to death.

Congressman Hendrick B. Wright, Chairman of the Labor Committee, addressed the working-men of San Francisco Tuesday night on the labor and Chinese questions, advocating the expulsion of the Chinese by peaceful measures.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., August 12.—A son of Charles E. Jewell, a member of the New York police force, who was visiting his grandfather near this city, while gathering apples in an orchard to day was stung by a number of hornets and died from the effects of the stings in half an hour. He was ten years old.

Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., in offering to dairymen their Perfected Butter Color, free from all flavor or deleterious compunds, have accomplished for farmers, what in the aggregate must put millions in their pockets. It is as harmless as the color of an orange and costs but little.

Jack Gleason, a street contractor of Louisville, Ky., shot and killed William Kelker. They had quarrelled about a woman.

Quebec had a riot between two labor associations the other day, in which five persons were killed.

THE TERRIBLE CONFLAGRATION AT PARKER CITY ON SATURDAY.

A Sea of Flames Rushing Upon the City—The Panic-stricken People Seeking Safety in the Hills.

Parker City, Pa., August 17.—The danger which menaced this place with destruction yesterday now seems to have passed. Thursday evening the fire seemed to have been mastered, but were rudely wakened to a realization of the mistake yesterday. Originating by twenty thousand barrel tank being struck by lightning, the flames spread with the flow of the oil and soon enveloped a wide tract, destroying another tank and several rigs which were within its way. Another tank containing twenty-two thousand barrels was ignited at this time, but it was hoped that the efforts to subdue the flames had succeeded. At half past eight o'clock, this tank exploded. Workmen had been engaged upon it all the time in the effort to secure its safety, and at the time of the explosion ten of them were upon the top of the tank. They were thrown a distance of thirty feet, were severely injured by fire and the fall. The burning oil now escaped and made its way down two ravines toward the city, threatening to submerge it, and creating the greatest consternation. The people became panic stricken, rushing wildly through the streets, women and children giving over to crying, screaming and the most abject exhibition of fear and despair. While this condition of affairs prevailed on the streets some one suggested that they make for the hills, which was at once acted upon, and the town was deserted to its fate, not an effort being made to secure any of the personal property. Men dragged their wives, women their little ones, and the greatest confusion prevailed.

Those standing on the bluff, and safe from all harm, describe the scene when the river was literally on fire as one grand beyond human conception and beyond the power of pen to describe. It was awful in its sublimity; and even they were awed and made breathless by the picture. The burning oil touched the Parker side at a point overhanging Mike's run, three-quarters of a mile south, and the flames ran so high that houses located at this point, 300 feet down the river bank, were endangered and were only saved by the application of wet blankets. In half an hour after the oil reached the river it was divided by the current and the fire began to log both shores, but it had spent its force and all danger to the city had passed by.

The oil from this tank set fire to another called the leading tank which contained about 10,000 barrels which added to the fury of the flames. The city was lighted up with the brightness of the sun. Thousands of people from the surrounding country, attracted by the report of the explosion which was heard for many miles, had assembled in the town and joined the residents in filling the streets. Besides the destruction by the fire considerable damage was inflicted by the explosion. Pieces of iron were thrown in every direction, some to a distance of three miles, and the windows along the river bank though on the opposite of the stream were broken.

The loss will reach $100,000, and will be felt principally by the united lines. It is rumored that two of the men hurt by the explosion have died, but the rumor cannot be traced to any reliable source. When the oil from the Chalfant tank touched the river it caused a wave of water three feet high to splash against the Parker bank, raising boats high and dry upon the shore. Forty feet of the Allegheny Valley railroad were washed away by the oil, and passengers had to be transferred from one train to the other, and by boats to the Parker side to make connections with the Parker and Karns City line.

We publish the announcements in our advertising columns *for pay*, and seldom trouble ourselves to enquire as to the qualities or merits of the wares advertised, further than to assure ourselves that they are legitimate and respectable. But when an article performs miracles in our midst, transforming the old to young, in appearance at least, we cannot pass it by unnoticed. We know of people who, years ago were gray-head and who now wear dark and glossy hair. How is this? It evidently is not colored, for it has a perfectly natural appearance instead of the harsh, dry, staring look of hair stained with nitrate of silver or other common hair dyes. No! it has been restored to its youthful color, lustre and vitality by the use of that wonder of wonders, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. It has many imitators, but there is nothing like it. The test of years only increases its fame, while its imitators die and are forgotten.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

PROPOSED INSCRIPTION FOR A PROPOSED MONUMENT.

[Found blowing about Dean's Yard.]

In Memory of
PRINCE EUGENE LOUIS NAPOLEON,
Son of the Hero of Sedan,
Grandnephew of the Hero of Moscow
And Pretender to the Throne of France,
Brave, amiable and accomplished,
Who made many friends,
And unfortunately lost his life
In a very doubtful quarrel
Which in no way concerned him,
This monument is erected
By a small section of the British people.
To exhibit to the world
Their slight respect
For the national feeling of France,
And their great regard
For the cause of Imperialism.
—*London Punch.*

AN EIGHTEEN THOUSAND BARREL TANK STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Parkers, Pa., August 14.—This morning at five o'clock the lightning struck iron tank number 299 on United Pipe Line, opposite this city, owned by William Munhall of Pittsburgh. The tank contains eighteen thousand barrels of oil. The tank was rent asunder, the oil ignited and ran down the hill side, totally destroying five dwellings and five oil wells, and setting fire to a tank of five thousand barrels of oil, owned by R. L. Brown and partially destroyed United Pipe Line loading rack. Total loss forty thousand dollars.

Charles Smith's barn and slaughter house, with 100 pigs, 150 lambs and 6 cattle, were burned at Bangor, Me.

The heaviest yield of wheat we have heard of this year is from Union county, where a farmer threshed 450 bushels taken from an 8 acre patch. 56 bushels and a peck to the acre is hard to beat.—*Miltonian.*

We don't believe the above.

—We must again urge it upon our patrons who are two years and over in arrears to pay up—we need the money.

SPRAGUE-CONKLING.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE LIVELY ALTERCATION IN RHODE ISLAND.

SHOTGUN POLICY IN THE NORTH

Conkling the Cause of the Trouble.

Either on Wednesday night 6th or Thursday morning, Senator Conkling arrived at Narragansett Pier. With him or after him came a trunk and a large valise. These articles of baggage were taken to the Sprague mansion by the direction of Senator Conkling. During Friday afternoon Governor Sprague was observed driving about Narragansett Pier, having been at home entertaining his guests the night previous though he had been absent for a day or two before. He had a gun with him which it is believed that he loaded earlier in the day. Finally he drove to the rear of his house, which is about a mile and a half from the Pier, and came through the house in a somewhat excited condition. He got out to the piazza, where he found Senator Conkling conversing with Mrs. Sprague, who was at a window.

Governor Sprague then said, addressing Senator Conkling, "Are you armed, sir?" and Conkling replied: "No, I am not." Then," said ex-Governor Sprague "I give you five minutes to get off these premises. If you are not away I will fire at you." Ex-Governor Sprague is said then to have made use of some further exasperating language, Senator Conkling seeming much surprised but remembering that he was under ex-Governor Sprague's roof, rose and walked a few steps away, while Mrs. Sprague came out of the house and stood between them. Ex-Governor Sprague stood looking at Conkling walking while a carriage drove up which had been ordered to take Mrs. Sprague for a drive. When Mrs. Sprague found that Ex-Governor Sprague was apparently determined on an unpleasant scene she called for her hat and shawl, which Mrs. Martin, a friend and a guest in the house, brought her.

A few minutes after Senator Conkling's departure from the house Gov. Sprague followed him toward the village. Immediately on her husband's quitting the place—it is said that he then still had his gun with him—Mrs. Sprague took her three little girls with her, the oldest about 12 and the youngest 5, and hurried through the grounds to the back entrance, whence she went over to the Tower Hill Hotel, a mile from the Sprague house, and remained there over night. The next day she went by train to Providence. Gov. Sprague taking another train for the same city.

Gov. Sprague drove rapidly to the village. The restaurant in which Senator Conkling was is on a street at right angles with the road which leads from the Sprague place to the village. As Senator Sprague turned the corner he saw Senator Conkling standing in front of this restaurant.

The conversation was carried on in tones loud enough, to awaken Mr. Wood, who is employed at the cafe and who was taking a nap in his room over the front door. It had also attracted a boy who is a waiter there, and he saw that the Governor was greatly excited. Mr. Wood says that he was awakened by hearing some one say, in very loud tones, "Have you not gone yet, ——— you." Thereupon Mr. Wood got up and, looking through the window, he saw that the speaker was Gov. Sprague and that he was addressing Senator Conkling, whom Wood knew by sight perfectly well. The Senator said something in a low tone which Mr. Wood says he did not hear, but the answer that came back with the utmost vehemence he did. It was once, "I will accept no apology for what you've done, ——— you."

"You will think better of all this tomorrow," Mr. Wood says he heard the Senator say.

"No, sir; no, sir. I want this distinctly understood. Go away from here at once. You know you are not armed. Then go, for, by God, if you don't I'll blow your brains out; and, further, never cross my path again. If you do, be armed. I shall be armed, and if you cross my way I shall kill you."

Mr. Wood feared that there would be an encounter at once, for some of the language that he ascribed to the Governor were epithets unfit to publish, and such as one seldom uses without blows resulting; but just then Senator Conkling went across the street, followed by the Governor, and what was there said Mr. Wood did not hear. At length the Governor got into his carriage and drove away. Senator Conkling turned and entered the cafe. He was very pale, but in manner very quiet. He asked the trembling boy, who had expected every instant to see blows, to bring him some crackers and milk, and these he ate and drank without the slightest appearance of emotion. There were still two hours before the train left. The Senator strolled to the beach and stood there a long time, poking his umbrella into the sand. Then he returned to the cafe.

The Senator remained at the cafe until within a few minutes of the time of the departure of the train for Providence. Then he walked to the depot. His trunk and valise were there, having been sent from Canonchet, which is the name given to the Sprague country place.

CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE.

(Cincinnati Enquirer Special.)

Last winter Mrs. Sprague was in Washington, at Edgewood, her father's old mansion, in the suburbs of the city, her husband being at Providence in the meanwhile. She had reserved a seat in the Senate Chamber and was always there when Conkling had a speech to deliver, and she almost invariably proceeded to her residence in the Senator's private carriage. It is well known in society circles at the Capital that Conkling, while ostensibly making his home at Wormley's, passed a large portion of his time, both day and night, at Mrs. Sprague's house. That, it is believed here, is the cause of the trouble in the Sprague family. It is well known that Mrs. Sprague, who is a daughter of the late Chief Justice Chase, married Sprague against her father's will, and this fact, it is said, has formed a subject in the mutual recriminations that seemed destined to cloud the family happiness.

THE SERAJEVO FIRE.

Forty-Six Soldiers Killed or Injured—Loss 50,000,000 Florins.

Serajevo, August 14.—One thousand four hundred and seventy-six houses were burned in the recent fire. The losses will reach fifty million florins. Forty-six soldiers were killed and injured.

A TERRIBLE STORM.

Copenhagen, August 13.—A recent storm in Denmark destroyed over one hundred cattle, killed fifty persons, and did incalculable damage to the crops.

—Harper's Magazine for September presents many striking novelties, and is excellent of Illustration. In fiction this Magazine is now running three serial novels, by the best of authors. This number also contains a ghost story with eight illustration.

—Godey's Lady's Book for September is rich with good things in Art, Fashion, and Literature. The Steel-plate is suggestive of the fruitful harvests and the happy husbandman. There is a large diagram pattern (alone worth the price of the book) and a large variety of useful illustrations of dress for women and children, besides the literary excellences. Address Godey's Lady's Book, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nine new cases of fever and six deaths were reported at Memphis till noon on 15.

A powder mill exploded at New Castle, Schuylkill county, killing one man.

Tremont Temple, Boston, burned on 15, involving a loss of $165,000.

A $30,000 fire occurred in Detroit.

Four horse thieves have been jailed in Clearfield county within a week.

London, August 16.—Mrs. Nellie Sartoris, daughter of ex-President Grant, is dead.

—Weather cool Sunday and Monday—warm again since.

Subscribe for the Reporter.

A fine of not over five hundred dollars and imprisonment for not over 1 year is the punishment in this State for carryirg concealed fire-arms, slung-shot, handy-billy, dirk-knife, razor or any other deadly weapon.

If fine-cut tobacco be sprinkled under the edge of carpets, and under those places where bureaus, book-cases and the like make it dark, the moths will be prevented from laying their eggs in them, as it will drive them away.

Job Work Cheap at this office.

—On last Saturday the Elk Creek and Liberty Sunday Schools of Penn township had intended to pic-nic in Mr. Everts woods, near Coburn, but owing to the inclemency of the weather it did not come off. The Reformed school of Mifflinburg had also intended to pic-nic at Coburn, but did not come for similar reasons.

—Sugar Valley campmeeting was largely attended last Sabbath, notwithstanding the threatening state of the weather. The sermons during the day were delivered by Revs. R. Young, H. W. Buck and J. J. Lobo, who held their audiences, as it were, spell bound during their discourses.

—During this season, Millheim will have an addition of six new dwellings, and quite a number remodeled and improved. Right good for little *heim*. A few more years of like improvement will be telling, on the business features of the town.

—SAD AND FATAL ACCIDENT,—On Wednesday of last week, while Miss Lizzie Weiser, daughter of S. Weiser sr., of Millheim, was engaged in cleaning their coal oil lamp, by some mishap or other, she broke the chimney, or tube as it is sometimes called. This caused great consternation in the household, as it (the chimney) was one, that they have had in constant use in the family for almost thirteen years, and on account of its great service and age it had become the pride of the household. No one was hurt save the tender feelings of its admirers. If any family in this or any other county can boast of a similar fact, we would like to hear from them. The general rule in the majority of families is one for every two weeks, and Mr. Weiser's family certainly must be an exception to the rule.

SPRING MILLS.

Works like a charm—the new turntable.

The funeral of Mrs. Hanna was largely attended on Sabbath and a very appropriate sermon preached by Rev. Whitney.

James N. Leitzel has made quite an improvement to his house by putting a new end to it and raising the roof.

John Grenoble's house is nearly finished—the next is the bird John.

Dr. J B. Leitzel is having the pike repaired between this and the Fort; that is right Dr. for it needs it. C. D. F.

—For making a nice, handsome, and beautiful veranda, Mr. Israel Confer, of Millheim is hard to beat, as may be seen at the dwelling of J. C. Smith of the same place. It is a mechanical job.

YELLOW FEVER.

Memphis, Tenn., August 17.—The week just closed has placed to its credit the highest record of deaths from the fever since its appearance here on the 9th of last July. The official report of the board of health shows the total number of victims for the week ending at six p. m. yesterday to be forty-six. Since the first outbreak 136 have died of the fever within the limits of the city.

There were twenty-one new cases reported yesterday.

Madrid, August 14.—Several fires, some of them incendiary, are reported in the provinces. In one case thirty houses were destroyed and thirty-four persons perished.

JURY AND TRIAL LIST.—The following is a complete list of the Grand and Traverse Jurors and Trial List for August Court, commencing Monday, August 25, 1879:

GRAND JURORS.

Harris—W W Leech.
Potter—C Bitner, J Gilliland, Jno Boozer.
Halfmoon—J A Hunter, E Lytle.
Boggs—Wm Marks, S Pletcher.
Walker—R Holmes, A Swartz.
Patton—J Jackson.
Spring—S Heverly, Wm Dawson.
Philipsburg—L Hess, Wm Blake, J S Gray.
Bellefonte—Wm Tate, S A Marshal.
Bellefonte—J H Rhone, Wm Mills.
Marion—B Rush, G B Simler.
College—G Cronmiller.
Gregg—J J Condo.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Huston—J W Swartz.
Bellefonte—D Rhodes, D K Tate, J Shrom, S Haupt, J W Furey, G T Brow.
College—E Musser.
Harris—A J Keramer, Adam Stover, J T Ross, Harry Stewart.
Howard boro—J Diehl.
Gregg—J P Heckman, Jno Goodhart.
Halfmoon—P W Burkhart.
Burnside—Bowes.
Ferguson—J Shiffler, J Gates.
Milesburg—H T Ryman.
Walker—A C M'Mullen, K Zimmerman, Jr.
Taylor—Wm Merryman, D Henderson.
Spring—D Corman, M W Riddle
Miles—C Brumgart, S K Faust
Philipsburg—J Dunkle, J Funk, R Manly
Worth—J V Gray, S Stephen
Snowshoe—T Green, W H Crisman
Potter—M Condo, Sam'l Emerick, Ed Kline
Marion—D Harter, R S M'Calmont
Penn—Is Confer
Unionville—W Cadwalader
Union—Wm Resides
Rush—John Long, J Dumbleton
Boggs—Henry Musser, H R Curtin
Haines—J Bower, Jr

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Taylor—R Newman
Worth—W M'Kinney
Bellefonte—L A Straub, C Strickland, D M'Ginly, B Graham
Boggs—Jas Iddings, J Krider
Milesburg—R L Shirk, T Miles
Philipsburg—H H Hewitt, J Matley
Miles—Simon Hagel
Walker—P Walter, K Zimmerman, Sr, Jesse Swartz
Benner—Wm Searson, J Henderson, M Benner
Marion—N H Yearick
Howard—A W Gardner, D B Pletcher
Boggs—J Confer
Penn—F P Musser, Jno Barr
Union—Wm McEwen
Gregg—Wm Korman, M Knofsker, W Fealer
Haines—S Spigelmyer, Jno Stover
Ferguson—Wm Shadman, J Weaver
Spring—Jno Reamy
Harris—R Condo
Snowshoe—D Rhule

TRIAL LIST—FIRST WEEK.

A Sussman's Ex'rs vs Isaac Guggenheimer.
M D Silknitter vs Rebecca Gorsuch.
J F Williams vs S H Williams, et al
Alex Harpster vs Wm Baumgardner
Fred Kurtz vs D A Musser
A B Herd vs J N Cassanova
W D Glasgow, use of, vs Nelson George

TRIAL LIST—SECOND WEEK.

S D Musser vs C D Keller, et al
J H Thomas, use of, vs Joseph Shirk
Judah Whitecomb vs Geo W Hoover & Co
R Mulhollan vs Geo R Bonk
E W Hale et al, vs Thos Burnside, et al
J D Shugert vs J B Moran, et al
Z L Hoover vs W P Ard, who was interpleaded, &c
Bradley Childs, et al vs H Merriman et al
W M Lyon et al vs Jacob Val Peol et al
T D Geisinger, use of, vs Robt Taylor
D H Lutz vs L C & S C R R Co
Geo Trillinger et al vs William Holt et al
Wister Morris et al vs William Holt et al
John I Thompson vs Sam'l Christ et al
Thos Merriman vs John T Fowler
John Worts vs Jacob Wagner
J T Fowler & Co, use of, vs Geo Sharrar et ux
A C Geary vs Samuel Kryder
Centre County vs Philipsburg boro
E C Henderson vs Merchants & Mechanics' Insurance Co
O T Walker et ux vs Jno S Sommerville
D G Meek et al vs Wm Biddle et al
Mifflin County Nat. Bank vs Jesse Underwood's Ex'rs et al
John T Hoover's Heirs vs Linn & McCoy
Centre County vs Huston Township
Henry Brockerhoff vs Louis Haas
John D Gardner vs Wm Singer & Co
Isaac Thomas vs Lot Stratton
Henry Boozer vs Jonathan Kreamer
Mary Holt vs B & S S R R Co

Wilkesbarre, Pa., August 11.—At Fairview, on Saturday evening, the 6 year old daughter of Edward Ryan endeavored to cross the railroad track by crawling under a freight train. Her nurse, Cassia Laffin, aged eighteen years, started to bring her back, when the train started up and both girls were run over and killed.

Reports from Titus county, Texas, are to the effect that Jeff Hopkins assaulted a white woman, her and her infant daughter, and set fire to the house to conceal. The charred skeletons of the woman and child were found in the ruins, and four buck-shot were in the woman's back bone.

Give your neighbor a helping hand by recommending him to keep Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup in his family for all the ills babies are subject to.

At Weimar, Tex., Ben Coleman, while intoxicated, rode up to a wagon driven by Jose Costilla, a Mexican, and ordered the latter to dismount. Upon his refusal to obey Coleman drew a revolver and shot him dead,

Denmark newspapers state that a terrific thunder storm occurred in that kingdom on the 4th inst. Over 1,000 farm houses were destroyed and fifty persons killed. The damage to crops is incalculable.

John Hart, a Fayette county man, killed on the 19th day of July last, thirty-seven rattlesnakes from two to four feet in length, seventeen copperheads and one blacksnake, all under one stone that two men could lift.

As a Cure for Piles. Kidney-Wort acts first by overcoming in the mildest manner all tendency to constipation; then, by its great tonic and invigorating properties, it restores to health the debilitated and weakened parts. We have hundreds of certified cures, where all else had failed.

Col. Henry C. Eyer, a well known citizen of Snyder county, died at his residence in Selinsgrove on Sunday, August 3d, aged 83 years. He had been suffering from cancer on the nose for several months.

Our Devil says that the list of marriages in the newspapers ought to be put under the head of "Ring Frauds."

If there is anything we hanker for when we have a cold, it is a handkerchief.

It has wonderful power on Bowels, Liver and Kidneys! What? Kidney-Wort.

A butcher in Brooklyn rubbed his gums with a bloodstained hand, and died; proof that he handled diseased meat.

THANKS,—The following resolution was past by a unanimous vote of the Y. M. C. A., of Centre Hall.

Resolved, That we, as members of the Y. M. C. A. tender our sincere thanks to Mrs. Carrie E. Wolf and Mrs. E. J. Meyer, a committee appointed for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions for singing books, which work they have cheerfully done; also to the many kind friends who have contributed to this cause, and also to those who were willing to give but did not have the means.

By order of the Association.

CENTRE COUNTY, ss:
The Commonwealth of Penn'a, the Sheriff of said county, Greeting:—Elizabeth Thomas make you sure of presenting her claim then we command you that you summons D. A. Arter, Charles T. Barrett and Lillie Barrett, May Barrett and E

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd. Aug. 21, '79.

☞ TERMS.—$2 *per year, when paid in advance;* $2.50 *when not paid in advance. Advertisements* 20cts *per line for three insertions, and* 5 *cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.*

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 *cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of* 20*cts as formerly when paid by themselves.*

*Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "*John Roe 1 jan '79*" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1878, and that it is time he was paying the printer.*

LOCAL ITEMS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 868, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
G. L. GOODHART, Sec'y. W. R. FROM, N. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 537, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Masonic Hall.
C. F. HEMLACHER, Sec't. J. J. ARNEY, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 56, P. of H., meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 2 P. M. and every two weeks after. Jas. A. Keller Master. LEONARD RHONE, Sec't.

—There will be no services in the Presbyterian church in Centre Hall on Sabbath the 24 Aug. 1879.
T. A. ROBINSON, Paster.

—Rev. J. K. Miller will fill the pulpit for Rev. Fischer, during his absence, as follows: At Centre Hall, Sabbath morning, 31st, and in the Loop same day, afternoon. In the Union church Sabbath 2.30 p. m., Sept. 7, and in the morning in George's valley church.

Rev. Roeder will preach in Georges valley, Sabbath, Aug. 24, in the evening, in place of Rev. Fischer.

—Nice Peaches and sweet potatoes at the popular grocery of Sechler & Co

— The annual pic-nic of the grangers will be held on the mountain, near Centre Hall, Sept. 25.

—We are informed that the Soldiers' Re-union will be held on the mountain, near Centre Hall.

—The Centre Hall Band went to Bellefonte the other day to serenade their old neighbor and present popular Sheriff, John Spangler. The Sheriff gave them a handsome reception.

—All fine groceries, canned goods, pickels, sauces, oils, oranges, lemons, cranberries, &c., at Sechler's, and strictly pure spices. They handle no impure or adulterated goods of any kind. We freely and cheerfully testify to this as a fact and from our own experience.

—Jerome Spigelmeyer has sold his store at Rebersburg to Jasper Brumgard. Mr. S. has some notion of going west. Success to him, he is a clever fellow.

—The slickest painting done on any rigs in this county, is now found upon the buggies and carriages turned out at Jno. T. Lee's Centre Hall coach shops.

—Rev. S. L. Stiver, of St. Louis, is spending a vacation at the home of his parents near Potters Mills. He paid us a visit; we are pleased to see him looking so well and to learn that he stands well as a minister in St. Louis. He is an able young man.

—A few days ago a gentleman from Bald Eagle valley married a lady belonging to Pennsvalley and who is deaf and dumb. This fellow is safe against curtain lectures, and no doubt a longing for a quiet matrimonial life induced him to be thus singularly joined. Socrates married Xantippe who was famous as the greatest scold of her day, and he gave as his reason that if he could get along with such a wife he was certain he could get along with any other. Men will be queer too.

—They give it up and now knock under, all the dealers in ready made clothing, that Newman sells cheaper than they can. Well, the people knew this long ago and felt the good effects in their pocket books, by money saved at Newman's. Newman is King Clothier and will remain King too. You always buy cheaper clothing at the Eagle Clothing Hall than elsewhere

—From a letter written by Wm M. Walter, of Edwardsburg, Michigan, to G. W. Kroll, now on a visit to Pennsvalley, we learn of a fatal accident to a son of Aaron Luckenbach. The letter says: John Luckenbach, a son of Aaron's was running in from his day's work on the railroad, on the 1 inst., behind a train, having his hand car fast to the train; as they approached the station in trying to unfasten the car from the train, John fell between the train and car, the latter passing over his head. He died in about half an hour after the accident. This is the second son of Mr. Luckenbach's killed on the railroad—one having been killed in Perry co., Pa., several years ago.

—Queensware of the best quality and in great variety, at Sechler's. They carry a full line and are able to supply all trade. They sell in sets or a single piece of any desired shape or pattern; also yellow and Rockingham ware, all sizes and shapes, and prices greatly reduced.

—Mr. Daniel Hess, of Linden Hall, favored us with a call in our sanctum half an hour the other day, we are pleased to say. The conversation was railroad pure and simple, and between us we did naked justice to the fellows who thus far failed to do our people justice. We have of late been a little indignant over the cruel disappointments in railroad matters, but we found our friend Hess both indignant and disgusted, muchly so.

—As announced in the Reporter last week the Pennsylvania railroad company have taken charge of the Bellefonte and Snow Shoe railroad, the stock of which is principally owned in Philadelphia. The road is twenty-two miles long. The possession of this line will give the Pennsylvania railroad facilities for the control of the bituminous coal tonnage which it has not heretofore enjoyed, and is therefore regarded by the officers of the company as an important acquisition.

Now let's see whether our road will be extended from Spring Mills as promised.

—The Centre Hall post-office books show a larger account of Reporters by mail than ever before. Advertisers should note that it is one of the best advertising mediums in the central part of the state, with a steadily increasing circulation.

—Send you order to Jno. T. Lee if you want a good buggy, spring or other kind of wagon. He turns out some of the best in the county.

—Mr. A. Alexander, of Millheim, we regret to learn, is again seriously ill.

Pimples and Blotches on the face can be removed by rubbing with Campher Milk. It cost only 25 cts. per bottle. J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. 7 aug 4t

—Go to your store or druggist and get a bottle of Frank P. Green's compound syrup of tar, honey and bloodroot, the best remedy out for a cough, cold, croup, asthma, or early stage of consumption.

DRESSMAKING.—Mrs. Smith, dress maker, Centre Hall, desires to call attention to her samples of trimmings of all kinds; also, samples of new styles dry goods. Cutting and fitting done to order, and old dresses cleaned and done over by her. Gentlemen's shirts, cuffs and collars made to order, and warranted to fit. Has also just received a new stock of Spring styles, fashion plates, patterns, etc Call and see. 15 ma tf

Phœnix Pectoral will cure your cough.
Phœnix Pectoral cures hoarseness quickly.
Phœnix Pectoral tastes good and brings rest.
Phœnix Pectoral costs 25 cts; 6 bottles $1. Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall.

—A new double thread shuttle sewing machine, works by hand or treadle, for sale or trade at this office. Warranted.

—Letter Heads, Business Cards, Envelopes, Bill Heads, Circulars, Posters and all kinds of Job Work done for one-fourth less than anywhere else in the county, at this office.

—Young Ladies and Gents should read advertisement of W. Fox, in our advertising columns.

—Read Guggenheimer's new adv't.

—The locality that heretofore had the dreadful name of Pole Cat City, will be known as such no more—it will henceforth be called by the more musical title of Pleasant Run.

—Howard Barnes has purchased the stage line from Bellefonte to Milroy.

—The Republican says the case of the commenwealth and Mr. Reynolds vs. Peter Herdic to be tried before Quarter Sessions court of this county, commencing on the fourth Monday of this month promises to be an interesting case. Senator C. T. Alexander, Edmund Blanchard and J. L. Spangler, Esqs., will be the counsel for Mr. Herdic, and Mr. Reynolds and the commenwealth have secured the services of District Attorney Fortney, Gen. James A. Beaver and A. O. Furst, Esq. When all these legal lights get together there will doubtless be some animated arguing on both sides.

—Stoneware in all sizes, shapes, and styles, a stock of thousands of gallons on hand; the best ware made in the United States. Merchants supplied at very close prices, at Sechler's, grocers, fruiters, and confectioners, in the Bush House block, the most complete grocery store in this county.

—We regret to be obliged this week to record the death of little Ezra Brisbin Brown, youngest son of Col. W. W. Brown and wife, at Cedron, Lincoln county, Kansas, on Wednesday, the 30th of July. The Colonel and his help were starting to the stack with a load of wheat, when part of it fell off and frightened the horses, which started to run. Little Ezra, who had obtained permission from his father to ride and drive while they were loading, was thrown to theground, one of the wheels striking his head, as we understand it, killing him instantly This dear little boy was born on the 19th day of May, 1869, and was consequently 10 years old on the 19th of last May.

Mr. Harvey Brooks, of Boggs township, a young married man, living above the S. S. Intersection, was killed on Tuesday last by being thrown from a load of hay or oats, his head striking a stone.—*Watchman.*

Pic-Nic.—A sabbath school pic-nic was held last Saturday in Zion grove, near Tusseyville. The preparations were on a grand scale, but the rainy weather somewhat interfered with the pleasures of the occasion, yet the friends of the Sunday school cause were not scared, and turned out largely, and the differnt schools invited gathered in Zion's church. The Zion school formed in double file in front the church, with a massive arch at the head of the column, which spread about 6 ft., with 10 ft. circumference, and 12 in hight, trimmed with evergreen and flowers, with the word "Welcome" in large golden letters on a blue background The arch was borne by two ladies. There were other decorated banners and mottoes. The Pinegrove S. S. then formed in line, headed by the Cornet band, followed by Rev's Furst, Fischer, Roeder, and Beas, and marched toward Zion S. S. which divided, and while the column passed through under the arch, the Z. U. S. S. sang a welcome greeting. Arrived on the ground, Mr. S. M. Swartz delivered an address of Welcome, then a hymn, with paryer by Rev. Fischer. Adjourned to 1 p. m., to partake of the abundance of good things so amply provided by the ladies. At 1 the meeting was again called to order. Music by the band, singing by P. G. S. S., followed by an address by Rev. Furst on the duties and responsibilities of church members. Rev. Beas then followed in an appeal to the audience for a collection for the band, during which the band treated the audience to some choice music. Rev. Fischer next spoke upon the theme of doing good in order to get good ourselves, followed by Rev. Roeder in showing what God is continually doing for us. Music by the band and schools was frequent throughout. The band, although decreased in numbers, yet has shown an increase in skill, under the management of its present leader, Prof. Wm. Reiber. Ajourned, all having passed off to the utmost satisfaction. OBSERVER.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Michael Hettinger, late of Gregg twp., dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement.
AMELIA HETTINGER,
M. L. RISHEL,
21 aug 6t Administrators.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentry on the estate of Joseph Bitner, late of Potter township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law, for settlement.
JACOB BITNER,
J. G. SANKEY,
21 aug 6t Executors.

CAUTION.—Notice is hereby given that I have purchased the articles below at constable sale, Aug 16, as the property of Michael Confer, and will leave the same in his possession at my pleasure: 1 black horse, cow, heifer, 3 hogs, one-horse wagon, cultivator, corn-scraper, two horse wagon, plow harrow, hay-ladders, 1 ton hay, cutting box and horse gears, sleds, old iron, winegar, potatoes, barrel, house furniture, kettles, tubs, &c.
21 aug 3t. DAVID CONFER.

CAUTION.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have purchased the personal property of Wm. Galbraith, at Sheriff's sale, and that the same will be left in his possession at our pleasure. All persons are hereby cautioned against meddling with the same in any manner, viz: Truck wagon, horse, harness, carriage, grindstone, 3 doz. chairs, stove, sink, stand, table, clock, sewing machine, pair bedsteads, together with all the defendant's personal property.
DAN'L FLEISHER,
P. D. NEFF.
21 aug 3t

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY virtue of a writ of Levari Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, and to me directed, there will be exposed at public sale at the Court House, in Bellefonte, on

Saturday, August 23 A. D. 1879,

at one o'clock P. M., the following described real estate of the defendant, to wit:

All the right, title and interest in and to all that certain building situate on a lot or piece of ground in the township of Walker, Centre county and State of Pennsylvania, bounded on the north by public road leading through Nittany Valley, on the east by land of J. M Garbrick and Daniel Lesh, and on the southwest by lands of Daniel Lesh; the said building is a two story frame dwelling house, built in the shape of the letter L, fronting on the public road, 36 feet by 34 feet 6 inches, facing the east; the width of the front extending south being 15 feet, and the front extending to the west being 20 feet and the respective lengths in the angle formed by the building being 16 feet facing the south and 74 feet facing the west. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Dr. P. S. Fisher.

Terms, Cash. No deed will be acknowledged till the purchase money is paid in full. JOHN SPANGLER,
Sheriff.

REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offer at private sale, a tract of land situated in the Loop, in Potter twp., containing

FOUR HUNDRED ACRES,

more or less, Fifty acres of which are cleared, and the balance well timbered There are on the premises a good FRAME HOUSE, a *log* Barn, a SPRING OF NEVER FAILING WATER, THREE ORCHARDS and an excellent SITE FOR SAW MILL with good water power.

100 or 200 acres, with improvements will be sold separate if desired. The balance will be sold in timber lots of 20, 30, or 50 acres, or the whole tract will be sold together at a low price and on easy terms.

For further information address,
A. S. Keelin, Lewistown, Pa.,
or A. A. Keelin, McAlevy's Fort, Pa.
14 aug tf

☞ BOOKS FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers a small library, composed of about forty-five volumes, for sale cheap. The books consist of Histories, Travels, Lives of Distinguished Men Descriptive Narations, Fiction, etc. Will also sell CASE and WRITING DESK. This is a good opportunity for a young man who wishes a small but good library. Addr. for description and list of books,
Wm. T. Richard, Centre Hall, Pa.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at Court House in Bellefonte, on Saturday, August 23, A. D. 1879, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following described Real Estate of the Defendants, to wit:

No. 1. All that certain tract or piece of land situate in Madisonburg, Centre county, Penn'a., and marked in the general plan of said town as lot No. 42, bounded on the East by High street, on the South by lot of Samuel Shaffer, on the West by an alley and on the North by lot of John Limbert, containing in breadth along said High street 66 feet, and in depth to said alley 181½ feet it being the premises which Daniel Rishel and Sarah his wife by indenture bearing even date herewith granted and confirmed unto the said R. G. Hockman, his heirs and assigns; thereon erected a two story frame house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of R. G Hockman.

ALSO.

No. 2. All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in the borough of Bellefonte, Centre county, Penn'a, and described as follows: On the North by land of John P. Harris, on the East by lands of A. G. Curtin, on the South by an alley, and on the West by lot of James Haley, fronting on said alley about 70 feet, extending back about 200 feet to lands of John P. Harris, thereon erected a two story double frame house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Patrick Kelley.

ALSO.

No. 3. All those two certain lots or messuages of ground, bounded and described as follows: First beginning at the North side of the lot known as the parsonage lot of the German Reformed and Lutheran church, thence along the line of Spring street North 25 feet, thence East 200 feet to an alley, thence South along said alley 25 feet to lot of said parsonage, thence West the line of parsonage lot 200 feet to the place of beginning, more fully described in Deed Book, E. page 641, thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house and other outbuildings.

Second. Beginning at the North side of the lot of H. D Yuger, thence along the line of Spring street North 25 feet, thence East along lot of Chas McCafferty 200 feet to an alley, thence along said alley South 25 feet to corner of lot of H. D. Yuger, thence West along the said lot 200 feet to the place of beginning. Both lots of ground situate in the North-ward of Bellefonte, Centre county, Penn'a. No buildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of H. D. Yuger.

ALSO.

No. 4. All that certain lot or piece of land situate in Patton township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded on the North by other lands of J. M. Bush and wife, on the East and South by lands of Moses Thompson, and on the West by lands of Sarah J Stevenson, containing 24 acres and 83 perches more or less. No building. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of J. M. Bush.

ALSO.

No. 5. All that certain tract or piece of land situate in Curtin township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a stone, by lands of Mary Foringer, on the East by lands of Peter Robb, and on the South by lands of Mrs. Quay, and on the West by lands of J. Mann, containing 84 acres more or less, about 80 acres cleared, thereon erected a two story dwelling house, log barn and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of John Confer.

ALSO.

No. 6. All that certain messuage tenement and tract of land situate in the township of Spring, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone, thence by lands of Jonathan Krise, South 38°, East 55 perches to stones, thence North 52°, East 23 perches to stones, thence 38°, East 110 perches to Chestnut oak, thence by land late of Jas. Gordon, North 52°, East 97 perches to stones by a white pine, thence by lands of same, North 38°, East 160 perches to a pine, thence by lands of same South 52°, West 117 perches to the place of beginning, containing 100 acres more or less, unimproved. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of W. P. Duncan, administrator of Dr. J. B. Mitchell, deceased.

ALSO.

No. 7 All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in Jacksonville, Marion township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded on the North by lands of Wm. Long, deceased, on the East by lands of Samuel Aley and others, on the South by public road, and on the West by lands of Amos Ertley, containing 3 acres more or less. Thereon erected a large frame building used as a dwelling house, frame stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of D. G Kline.

ALSO.

No. 8. All that certain piece of land situate in Haines township, Centre county, Penn'a, beginning at a spruce, thence along lands of Andrew Kerman, South 70½°, West 154 perches to a small Hickory Grub, thence along lands of Jacob Musser, South 19½°, East 231 perches to stones, thence along the mountain, North 62½°, East 153 perches to a post, thence along lands of Peter Hosterman, North 19½°, West 224 purchase to the place of beginning, containing 205 acres and 117 perches and allowance, it being the same tract of land that John Rupp and his wife by their deed dated the 4th day of March, 1865, and recorded in the Recorder's office at Bellefonte. Deed Book I, No. 2, page 220, and Thomas Harper by their deed bearing the date above mentioned have granted to J. G. Meyer, Sen., C. Meyer, D. S. Boyer and J. S. Smink. The said J. G. Meyer party hereto owns the ½ undivided part of the above described property or tract of land Thereon erected a two story frame house, saw mill, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of J. G. Meyer, with notice to all Terri Tenant.

ALSO.

No. 9. All that certain tract or piece of land situate in Miles township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a stone, thence by land of said Rishel. South 60° East 40½ perches to a post, North 70½°, East 16 2-10 perches to stones, thence by land of John W. Shoall, North 28¾, West 98½ perches to post, thence by land of said Strohecker, South 73°, West 39½ perches to stone, South 23°, East 60 perchase to stone, thence by land of Andrew Immel, South 7°, East 7 perches to stone, and thence by land of grantee, North 75°, East 4½ perches to the place of beginning Containing 21 acres, 126 perches neat measure It being the same premises which C. H. Strohecker, by indenture bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1877, for the consideration therein mentioned did grant and confirm to Dan'l Rishel party hereto and his heirs and assigns forever. No buildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Dan'l Rishel.

ALSO.

No. 10. All these certain tracts of land situate in Gregg and Miles township Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone, thence along land of Dan'l Hoy and Christian Houtz, North 20½°, West 124-10 perches to stone, thence along land of said Houtz and Peter Klinefelter, North 15° East 52 perches to a stone, thence South 24°, East 12 3 10 perches to a stone, thence South 62½°, West 22 perches to a stone, thence South 76½°, West 10 1 10 perches to the place of beginning, containing 4 acres and 52 perches neat measure. Also

One other tract or lot of ground situate in Gregg township, adjoining the above mentioned tract of land, beginning at a stone along land of David Hoy 60°, East 64 perchase to a stone, thence North 26°, West 4 perches and a half to the place of beginning, containing 20 perchase and allowance.

One other tract or lot of ground situate in the township of Gregg, aforesaid, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a corner of George Spades' land, thence along same, South 31½, East 62 perchas to a stone, thence along land of John Yerick, North 67°, East 5 2 10 perches to a stone, thence North 30½° West 62 perches to a stone, thence South 77°, West 5 2-10 perches to the place of beginning, containing 2 acres neat measure, thereon erected a one and a half story log house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Samuel Kern.

ALSO

No. 11. All that certian lot or piece of ground, situate in Potter township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows: On the North by lands of Mrs. Spangler, on the East by lands of Pye and others, on the South by lands of Mrs. Spangler, on the West by lands of Mrs. From, containing 5 acres more or less, thereon erected a two story log dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Josiah Taylor.

ALSO.

No. 12. All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in the borough of Unionville, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follow: Fronting on the west on Chestnut street 60 feet, on the South by lands of B F Widmer, dec'd. 120 feet, on the East by an alley 60 feet, and on the North by an alley 120 feet, being designated in the general plan of said borough as lot No. 9, being the same lot of ground which Benjamin Rich and wife, by deed dated October 3rd A. D 1864, granted and conveyed to A. P. Heller, reference therete being had will more fully and at large appear. Thereon erected a one and a half story frame dwelling house and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of George Eastman and Martha Eastman his wife.

ALSO

No. 13. All the right, title and interest of the defendants in and to that certain tract of land situate, lying and being in Half Moon township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post on the ridge, thence by lands of Christian Van Pool, North 48½°, East 95 perches to a post, thence by land of Daniel Beck, South 41½°, East 320 perches to stones, thence by lands of G. and J. H. Shenenberger, South 48½°, West 95 perches to a pine, thence by lands of —— Loder, North 41½°, West 320 perches to place of beginning, containing 179 acres and 39 perches and allowance, being the same tract of land deeded by Isaac Kaufman and wife, Abednigo Stephens, which deed is on record in Book T, page 108, in Recorder's office of Centre county, thereon erected a two story brick house, small tenant house, bank barn and other outbuildings. Also

All the right, title and interest of the defendant in and to that certain tract of land situate in Half Moon township, Centre county, Penn'a, on the Bald Eagle Ridge adjoining lands of Christian Van Pool and others, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a white pine, North 39°, East 112 perches to a pine, thence North 50°, West 98 perches to a white oak, South 45°, West 49 perches to a post, South 35°, West 89 perches to stones, South 62°, West 23 perches to a post, South 74°, West 55 perches to a birch, South 39°, West 118 perches to a black oak, South 58°, West 91 perches to a chestnut oak, a small distance to McKnight's line, thence along said line Southeast course about 51 perches to a post, thence North 43°, East — perches to a black oak, North 51°, East 174 perches to a pine, North 81°, East 90 perches to a corner, and North 10°, East 42 perches to the place of beginning, containing 130 acres and allowance, it being part of a large tract granted to Geo. Wilson by patent dated January 18, 1798. Also

All the right, title and interest of the defendant in an to one third of 1000 acres more or less, of land situate in Rush township, Centre county, Penn'a, being the same tract of land that was patented to and in the name of Jacob Metzker, Wm. Dentler, Jacob Slough, Philip eberman and John Eberman, see Deed Book M, No. 2, page 290, in Recorder's office of Centre county. Also

All the right, title and interest of the defendant in and to that certain tract of land situate in Rush township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows: It being that part of the Casper Tausance tract at the maple corner as Deed from Abednigo Stephens and Rebecca B. Stephens, his wife, to Thomas McCauley and David K. Raney, dated May 27, A. D. 1804, containing 15 acres more or less. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Thomas W. Grafius.

ALSO.

No. 14. All those two certain messuages, tenements and tracts of land situate in the village of Centre Hall, Potter township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows, to wit: One thereof bounded on the South by the Brush valley road, on the East by the Lutheran church lot, on the North by land late of the Centre Hall Manufacturing Company, and on the West by land of John Neff, jr., containing about one-fourth of an acre, and being the same lot which Daniel B. Oberholtzer and wife by their Deed dated November 9, 1870, did grant and convey unto the said William Galbraith, thereon erected a good two story frame dwelling house, a stable and other outbuilding. Also

The other thereof beginning at the Northwest corner of lot of John Neff, jr., thence by an out lot of the said Neff, North 12¾ feet to a stone, thence East by land of Thomas Lee, 120 feet to an alley, thence by said alley S. E. 96 feet to said alley, thence by said alley S. W. 158 feet to the place of beginning, containing 54 perches, being the same lot which the President and directors of the Centre Hall Manufacturing Company by their Deed dated the 12th day of May 1871, did grant and convey unto the said William Galbraith party hereto, together with all and singular the building, improvements, woods, ways, rights, liberties, privileges. No buildings. Seized, taken in the execution, and to be sold as the property of William Galbraith.

ALSO.

No. 15. All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in Ferguson township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post, corner of alley between Theodore Reader and the said Condo, thence North 59°, East 12 6 10 perchas to post corner of line of Samuel McWilliams, thence by same South 26°, East 10 perches to post, thence by land of John Goheen, South 59°, West 12 6-10 perches to post, thence by land of Theodore Reader, North 26°, West 10 perches to place of beginning, containing 125 perches neat measure, thereon erected a one and a half story frame dwelling house and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of J. M. Thompson.

ALSO.

No. 16. All that certain message tenement and lot of ground situate in the borough of Bellefonte, Centre county, Pa Bounded and described as follows, viz: On the East by Logan street, on the East by lot of Martha Sammels, on the South by an alley and on the West by lot of Mrs. Lewis, having a front of 40 feet on Logan street, and extending back 200 feet to said alley. Thereon erected a two story frame house and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Patrick Gorman.

ALSO.

No. 18. All that certain messuage tenement and tract of land, situate in Burnside township Centre county, Penna. Bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the North by John Hoy, on the East by same, on the West by William Stewart. Thereon erected a one and a half story log house, stable and other outbuildings Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of William Askey.

ALSO.

No. 19. All that certain messuage tenement and lot of ground situate in the borough of Bellefonte, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded on the North by Bellefonte Gass Company lot, on the East by lot of Mrs. Mc Gill, and on the West by Spring street, fronting on said Spring street 60 feet and extending back 200 feet to said alley, thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of George W. Tate.

ALSO.

No 20 All that certain messuage tenement and tract of land situate in Walker township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post in the centre of public road leading from Bellefonte to Hublersburg, thence along land of the heirs of George Shaffer deceased, North 48°. West 39.5 10 perches to a stone, thence along same, South 44°, West 122 perches to stone, thence along lands of John Neff, South 46°, East 122 perches to stones, thence by same, North 44°, East 13 2-10 perches to a post, thence by lands of Adam Vonada, South 48°, East 50 2-10 perches to a stone in the Centre of the public road from Bellefonte to Hublersburg, thence along centre of public road, South 54½°, West 106 6-10 perches to the place of beginning, containing 162 acres and 5 perches neat measure, being the same tract of land waigh William Thos Mc Knight's line, thence along said line Southeast course about 51 perches to a post, thence North 43°, East — perches to a black oak, North 51°, East 174 perches to a pine, North 81°, East 90 perches to a corner, and North 10°, East 42 perches to the place of beginning, containing 130 acres and allowance, it being part of a large tract granted to Geo. Wilson by patent dated January 18, 1798. Also

All the right, title and interest of the defendant in an to one third of 1000 acres more or less, of land situate in Rush township, Centre county, Penn'a, being the same tract of land that was patented to and in the name of Jacob Metzker, Wm. Dentler, Jacob Slough, Philip eberman and John Eberman, see Deed Book M, No. 2, page 290, in Recorder's office of Centre county. Also

All the right, title and interest of the defendant in and to that certain tract of land situate in Rush township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows: It being that part of the Casper Tausance tract at the maple corner as Deed from Abednigo Stephens and Rebecca B. Stephens, his wife, to Thomas McCauley and David K. Raney, dated May 27, A. D. 1804, containing 15 acres more or less. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Thomas W. Grafius.

ALSO.

No. 13. All the right, title and interest of the defendants in and to that certain tract of land situate, lying and being in Half Moon township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post on the ridge, thence by lands of Christian Van Pool, North 48½°, East 95 perches to a post, thence by land of Daniel Beck, South 41½°, East 320 perches to stones, thence by lands of G. and J. H. Shenenberger, South 48½°, West 95 perches to a pine, thence by lands of —— Loder, North 41½°, West 320 perches to place of beginning, containing 179 acres and 39 perches and allowance, being the same tract of land deeded by Isaac Kaufman and wife, Abednigo Stephens, which deed is on record in Book T, page 108, in Recorder's office of Centre county, thereon erected a two story brick house, small tenant house, bank barn and other outbuildings. Also

All the right, title and interest of the defendant in and to that certain tract of land situate in Half Moon township, Centre county, Penn'a, on the Bald Eagle Ridge adjoining lands of Christian Van Pool and others, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a white pine, North 39°, East 112 perches to a pine, thence North 50°, West 98 perches to a white oak, South 45°, West 49 perches to a post, South 35°, West 89 perches to stones, South 62°, West 23 perches to a post, South 74°, West 55 perches to a birch, South 39°, West 118 perches to a black oak, South 58°, West 91 perches to a chestnut oak, a small distance to McKnight's line, thence along said line Southeast course about 51 perches to a post, thence North 43°, East — perches to a black oak, North 51°, East 174 perches to a pine, North 81°, East 90 perches to a corner, and North 10°, East 42 perches to the place of beginning, containing 130 acres and allowance, it being part of a large tract granted to Geo. Wilson by patent dated January 18, 1798. Also

All the right, title and interest of the defendant in an to one third of 1000 acres more or less, of land situate in Rush township, Centre county, Penn'a, being the same tract of land that was patented to and in the name of Jacob Metzker, Wm. Dentler, Jacob Slough, Philip eberman and John Eberman, see Deed Book M, No. 2, page 290, in Recorder's office of Centre county. Also

All the right, title and interest of the defendant in and to that certain tract of land situate in Rush township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows: It being that part of the Casper Tausance tract at the maple corner as Deed from Abednigo Stephens and Rebecca B. Stephens, his wife, to Thomas McCauley and David K. Raney, dated May 27, A. D. 1804, containing 15 acres more or less. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Thomas W. Grafius.

ALSO.

No. 14. All those two certain messuages, tenements and tracts of land situate in the village of Centre Hall, Potter township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows, to wit: One thereof bounded on the South by the Brush valley road, on the East by the Lutheran church lot, on the North by land late of the Centre Hall Manufacturing Company, and on the West by land of John Neff, jr., containing about one-fourth of an acre, and being the same lot which Daniel B. Oberholtzer and wife by their Deed dated November 9, 1870, did grant and convey unto the said William Galbraith, thereon erected a good two story frame dwelling house, a stable and other outbuilding. Also

The other thereof beginning at the Northwest corner of lot of John Neff, jr., thence by an out lot of the said Neff, North 12¾ feet to a stone, thence East by land of Thomas Lee, 120 feet to an alley, thence by said alley S. E. 96 feet to said alley, thence by said alley S. W. 158 feet to the place of beginning, containing 54 perches, being the same lot which the President and directors of the Centre Hall Manufacturing Company by their Deed dated the 12th day of May 1871, did grant and convey unto the said William Galbraith party hereto, together with all and singular the building, improvements, woods, ways, rights, liberties, privileges. No buildings. Seized, taken in the execution, and to be sold as the property of William Galbraith.

ALSO.

No. 15. All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in Ferguson township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post, corner of alley between Theodore Reader and the said Condo, thence North 59°, East 12 6 10 perchas to post corner of line of Samuel McWilliams, thence by same South 26°, East 10 perches to post, thence by land of John Goheen, South 59°, West 12 6-10 perches to post, thence by land of Theodore Reader, North 26°, West 10 perches to place of beginning, containing 125 perches neat measure, thereon erected a one and a half story frame dwelling house and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of J. M. Thompson.

ALSO.

No. 16. All that certain message tenement and lot of ground situate in the borough of Bellefonte, Centre county, Pa Bounded and described as follows, viz: On the East by Logan street, on the East by lot of Martha Sammels, on the South by an alley and on the West by lot of Mrs. Lewis, having a front of 40 feet on Logan street, and extending back 200 feet to said alley. Thereon erected a two story frame house and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Patrick Gorman.

ALSO.

No. 18. All that certain messuage tenement and tract of land, situate in Burnside township Centre county, Penna. Bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the North by John Hoy, on the East by same, on the West by William Stewart. Thereon erected a one and a half story log house, stable and other outbuildings Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of William Askey.

ALSO.

No. 19. All that certain messuage tenement and lot of ground situate in the borough of Bellefonte, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded on the North by Bellefonte Gass Company lot, on the East by lot of Mrs. Mc Gill, and on the West by Spring street, fronting on said Spring street 60 feet and extending back 200 feet to said alley, thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of George W. Tate.

ALSO.

No 20 All that certain messuage tenement and tract of land situate in Walker township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post in the centre of public road leading from Bellefonte to Hublersburg, thence along land of the heirs of George Shaffer deceased, North 48°. West 39.5 10 perches to a stone, thence along same, South 44°, West 122 perches to stone, thence along lands of John Neff, South 46°, East 122 perches to stones, thence by same, North 44°, East 13 2-10 perches to a post, thence by lands of Adam Vonada, South 48°, East 50 2-10 perches to a stone in the Centre of the public road from Bellefonte to Hublersburg, thence along centre of public road, South 54½°, West 106 6-10 perches to the place of beginning, containing 162 acres and 5 perches neat measure, being the same tract of land waigh William Thos Mc Knight's line, thence along said line Southeast course about 51 perches to a post, thence North 43°, East — perches to a black oak, North 51°, East 174 perches to a pine, North 81°, East 90 perches to a corner, and North 10°, East 42 perches to the place of beginning, containing 130 acres and allowance, it being part of a large tract granted to Geo. Wilson by patent dated January 18, 1798. Also

All the right, title and interest of the defendant in an to one third of 1000 acres more or less, of land situate in Rush township, Centre county, Penn'a, being the same tract of land that was patented to and in the name of Jacob Metzker, Wm. Dentler, Jacob Slough, Philip eberman and John Eberman, see Deed Book M, No. 2, page 290, in Recorder's office of Centre county. Also

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All the right, title and interest of the defendant in and to that certain tract of land situate in Half Moon township, Centre county, Penn'a, on the Bald Eagle Ridge adjoining lands of Christian Van Pool and others, bounded

A Maori Dance.

This extract is from a New Zealand letter in the Philadelphia *Ledger*: In the evening the natives treated us to a haka, or dance, in honor of the governor. It took place in the carved house I have already spoken of, the weird, grotesque carvings of which added to the strangeness of the scene. There were about a hundred dancers ranged in five rows, the front one consisting of about twenty young women gorgeously appareled in tight-fitting red or white calico bodices and flaming-colored rugs, worn like kilts. When the governor entered they greeted him with the most awful noise, shouting, yelling, laughing, and in some diabolical way imitating the noise of the beating of tin cans, the barking of dogs and rapid hand-clapping. The dance lasted about an hour; it was curious and as a novelty amusing, but rather monotonous. There was but little movement of their feet. It consisted chiefly of swaying their bodies and arms about, going down on their knees, imitating rowing and gathering crops, slapping their own legs and then their neighbors'. The men then took the place of the women and went through very similar performances. The whole dance was accompanied by noise that would have put pandemonium to shame. It sounded like a mixture of beating of trays, dog fighting, gigantic snoring and a very full, deep bass rumbling in the throat. At times there seemed to be a kind of rhythmic song, interspersed with yells and short, sharp cries of "Hue, hue!" "Ha, ha!" "Pakeka!" The young women winked and grinned and twisted about beyond what was strictly correct, but they seemed to enjoy the really hard work of the dance most thoroughly. There was always a chief running up and down, dancing and declaiming, in the foreground, bidding defiance to all the world apparently, but in reality, I believe, merely suggesting that he would like to drink his excellency's health. Far the most comical feature of the dance was a naked little imp who stood in front of the first row, exactly opposite the governor, and imitated playing the fiddle with his little thin arms, all the while thrusting out his tongue, rolling his eyes nearly out of his head and making the most fearful faces and contortions. A little girl who tried to do the same had not nearly the same real genius for making herself hideous and grotesque. At last a liberal supply of beer was promised them, the dance came to an end, and the governor departed amid an uproar, if possible, more awful than before.

Something About Pretzels.

History says that fifty-two years ago a man named Sherley baked the first pretzels in Lancaster county, Penn., ever made in the United States. He rode through the country on an old horse and sold the pretzels from a bushel bag. Up to comparatively a few years ago pretzels were made only in Pennsylvania and some portions of New York State. They are now becoming very popular in Chicago and other portions of the West, and also in some of the cities of the South.

It takes a very expert hand to mold ten pretzels in a minute, ready for the oven, while no one cares to make more than seven pretzels a minute, working all day. A Pennsylvania firm has just completed an automatic machine that turns out pretzels at the rate of sixty to one hundred per minute ready to be baked. It is nine feet long, two feet wide and eight feet high, water or steam power.

The dough is placed in a funnel-shaped cylinder eight inches in diameter and sixteen inches long on top of the machine, and it passes half way around a concave cylinder eight feet in diameter and fifteen inches wide, having a back so arranged that the dough is rolled between them and then drops upon an endless apron having sixteen molds, where the rolled dough is shaped by a curious device into pretzels, after which they drop upon a movable board, which, as soon as filled with pretzels, is removed and an empty board substituted. The machine is a very ingenious contrivance and includes a feeder, cutter, roller, folder, presser and movable board. The pretzels are deposited at uniform distances upon the board.

Work on the Washington Monument.

The work of strengthening the foundation of the Washington National Monument (for, which a further appropriation of $64,000 has been made by Congress) is just about one-half completed under the former appropriation of $36,000, and will now be pushed with all possible speed, patch consistent with the safety of the work. There are about sixty men employed under the direct supervision of Mr. J. H. McLaughlin, who will be remembered as having had charge of the erection of the Ascension Church. As may be supposed, the work of underpinning requires great care. Every day or two observations are made to determine the exact deflection of the shaft, and the result of each observation is carefully recorded, and from the data thus obtained the work for the following day is blocked out. Besides these observations, those by a plumb line hung from the top of the shaft (about 170 in height) are carefully noted and compared with the other observations. Any deflection of the shaft not perceptible to the naked eye is apparent both by the instrument and the plumb line, and such deflection is corrected in the succeeding work. Thus far there have been used 3,500 barrels of cement, and bids are out for 6,800 more to be used in the foundation, and so confident are the commission that this part of the work will be completed this season that they have directed Col. Casey to put in place thirty or forty feet of marble work by the time Congress assembles next December.—*Washington Star.*

"Miss Havisham."

Charles Dickens, as every one knows (says the London *Truth*), went to real life for nearly all, if not quite all, his characters. Even the most unlikely of his creations—Miss Havisham, in "Great Expectations"—had a prototype in the flesh, who is still alive, and whose name, though not in that capacity, was brought before the public the other day in connection with a squabble which has agitated "society" in Ventnor. This is a certain Miss Dick, who lives at Madeira Vale, a tract of land covered with gardens and villas lying between Ventnor and Bonchurch. It is many years since she was young, and then she had a romance which did not meet with the approval of her mother. The love affair was broken off, but the young lady accompanied the act of filial duty by a declaration that she would go to bed and never get up again, and she kept her word. The years have come and gone and the house has never been swept or garnished, the garden is an overgrown tangle and the once fair lady has spent twenty years between the sheets. Charles Dickens, I remember, used to stop at Ventnor a good deal in those days, and so unique an episode was not lost upon him.

Swimming After an Ocean Steamer.

As the steamer Montana of the Guion line was leaving her pier in New York a scene occurred which caused much excitement. A sailor appeared three minutes too late. Tossing his coat to a comrade, and shouting "I'll have her yet," he jumped into the river, and when next seen he was fully one hundred feet from the pier and striking out manfully for the fast-receding steamer. "He'll never reach her," "He'll go under soon," were the comments on the dock. "Bill 'll get her yet; I know him," answered a comrade. The steamer was well over toward the Jersey side, "Bill" in the middle of the river and all hopes of his getting aboard that boat were given up by the excited spectators, when a rowboat was seen to approach him. Clambering in and taking the oars he tried to head off the steamer. He succeeded in getting alongside but no rope was lowered to him. He then plunged again into the water, and to save his life a rope was thrown to him and in a twinkling he was on deck among his comrades.

It is a fact not generally known in San Francisco that there is a Chinese marine insurance company in that city which is doing a pretty good business in taking risks on treasure shipments from San Francisco to Hong Kong. The institution goes by the name of the On Yai Insurance Company of Hong Kong. The company's risks last year amounted to $1,370,000, and the premiums to $13,000. The losses for the year were $3,394. The company's agency in San Francisco is in the hands of Lai Heng, Lung & Co. The agents give a bond in the sum of $2,000 to secure the payment of municipal taxes in the business.

RUSSIA'S MISFORTUNES.

Life in That Country a Veritable "Sea of Troubles."

Russia's complicated misfortunes are possibly unparalleled in the history of any country. Just before the latest Turko-Russian war the wretched condition of the people in many of the Czar's provinces had brought about extensive eruptions. Then ative tribes of the Caucasus could not stand the levies imposed on them in different shapes by the Russian army and revolted. Being defeated, they were transported to the northern provinces of Russia. This proved so fatal that of the first party of 2,000 exiles one-half died in the first year. There are now 770 families, besides 300 single persons, of these Daghestan and Tersk rebels on their way to exile, and still more have been doomed to transportation. The war with Turkey was resorted to in the hope that it would raise the old patriotic sentiments and turn the minds of discontented Russians from their domestic troubles. This notion proved a mistake, and the results of the war, so far as Russia is concerned, were unsatisfactory. Over 200,000 men perished in it, of whom 18,000 are reported to have frozen to death, and the war expenses amounted to 1,500,000,000 roubles. The Russian Nihilists have watched each step of their enemy—the Russian government. Thus the two hostile powers—the Revolutionists and Imperialists—have been carrying on their desperate struggle, each trying to deal the death blow to the other. In no agricultural country is the chief product of the fields—the grain—so much assailed as in Russia. The forces of nature itself often turn against the public welfare. One year the crops are destroyed by extensive drought; the next year by excessive rain, by inundations and by hail. Then again every year, be it too dry or too rainy, the fields are devastated by clouds of locusts and beetles, and by swarms of Siberian marmots. For the last five years the middle and southern provinces—the very granary of Russia—have been one vast nest of destructive insects. The Russian millions have a foe yet more terrifying than famine. Epidemic diseases make havoc every year in many parts of the empire. The fatality last year from the plague was small in comparison with that which occurs every year from other less heard of epidemics. Several varieties of typhoid fever, especially the so-called hunger typhus, and cholera are epidemic in Russia. The young generation is destroyed by diphtheria and small-pox to such an extent that it has been necessary to call for aid the Red Cross societies in dealing with them. The ever-recurring and extensive fires, of which we have lately heard so much from Russia, should not be overlooked. Statistics show that every year no less than one-twelfth part of all the houses of Russia are consumed in flame. Russia will doubtless go on burning, for the present Russia is but a huge agglomeration of combustible material, with hardly any fire extinguishing engines. In consequence of the appalling poverty of the masses of the Czar's subjects, it has for many years been impossible to enforce the payment of taxes upon any regular or orderly system. The tax collectors resort to the severest measures against delinquent taxpayers. They are flogged and imprisoned, their cattle, horses, pigs and poultry are seized and put up at auction, and finally the house of the delinquent is unroofed. These are some of the points which, for the common people at least, make Russia a veritable "sea of troubles."—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

A Pittsburgh Man's Luck.

Newspapers nowadays are full of stories of the marvelous luck which has befallen people who did not look for anything of the kind to happen. Every now and then we hear of somebody having a large fortune left to them by the death of a distant relative, a cousin in California, or something of that kind. Not long ago a young Pittsburgher had a singular piece of luck happen to him. One day the young gentleman in question was walking down Fifth avenue when he saw an old and rather decrepit man slip on a crossing and fall heavily. He aided him to regain his footing, and helped him into a neighboring drug store, where the old man had his leg mended with sticking plaster, as he had knocked some of the skin off. The old fellow seemed very grateful for the courtesy which had been shown him, and, after asking the name of the young man who had been of service to him, he wrote it down in a memorandum book, and said, as he shook hands, "My name is——, I am from Massachusetts. Some day, perhaps, you may hear from me." Time passed on, and all recollection of the occurrence passed from the Pittsburgher's mind. He became embarrassed in business, and was reduced to extreme poverty. One day when he felt extremely down-hearted and did not know which way to turn for a livelihood, he chanced to pick up a Boston paper, and, to his intense astonishment, he saw that the old man whom he had picked up on Fifth avenue was dead, and by his will, which was published in the paper, the Pittsburgher saw that a fortune of over $300,000 had been left by the dead man to found a theological seminary.

Words of Wisdom.

The word of an honest man is surer than the gold of a villain.

We can never die too early for others when we live only for ourselves.

It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

How few faults are there seen by us which we have not ourselves committed.

If every year we rooted out one vice we should soon become perfect men.

Ingratitude calls forth reproaches, as gratitude brings fresh kindnesses.

Let a man overcome anger by love, evil by good, the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth.

He who would amass virtues, leaving out the guardian virtue humanity, is like a man who leaves a precious dust exposed to the wind.

Might and right do differ frightfully from hour to hour; but give them centuries to try it in and they are bound to be identical.

Men of great and stirring powers, who are destined to mold the age in which they are born, must first mold themselves upon it.

Energy will do everything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged animal a man without it.

There are some benefits which may be so conferred as to become the very refinement of revenge; and there are some evils which we had rather bear in sullen silence than be relieved from at the expense of our pride.

Tricks of London Booksellers.

A seller of old books in London has written for the *Pall Mall Gazette* a confession of a few of his sins, which would gladden the heart of many an American buyer if the writer gave any evidence of repentance. "A number of us," he says, "crowd into an auction room, where a library is brought to the hammer, and buy every article. Here all know one another, and each one bids for the rest. There is, therefore, no advance on the first bid, unless an outsider interferes, when we soon run the price up beyond what he cares to give. This trick, repeated as often as necessary, disgusts the outsiders and secures the whole stock for ourselves at far less than its real value." When the auction is over they "retire to a neighboring tavern and repeat it" among themselves. There the volumes go at fair prices, which allows the buyer forty per cent. for profit on his private business. "All being sold, we cast up the totals of the two sales, subtract the smaller from the greater, and divide the remainder equally among those present." This is not all; nor is it the most startling confession "One of the Craft" has to make. "We have a good many ways of enhancing the value of our wares. Celebrities of all sorts, who are as serviceable to us in a way about to be described as those merely literary, are dying off every day, and their libraries disposed of. In these cases we look up from our stock all likely books, furnish them with sham plates and autographs and soon get rid of them at fancy prices. It is a fact that after Lord Macaulay's death thousands of volumes which he never saw were sold in this way as coming from his library."

A physician having a duel on his hands requests two of his friends to arrange with his adversary the hour of the meeting. "Make it to-morrow," he says, "but not in the forenoon, because I must visit four patients before going to the ground." "I see," murmurs one of the seconds, "he wants to get his hand in."

THE BATTLE OF ULUNDI.

How the Zulus were Defeated in their Stronghold.

Dr. W. H. Russell sent to the London *Telegraph* the following account of the battle of Ulundi:

"At six o'clock in the morning the combined columns of Newdigate and Wood crossed the White Umvolosi. As the forces gathered on the left bank of the river in all their strength of artillery, cavalry and British infantry, the Zulu prediction, that the cradle of the nation in the valley of the Umvolosi would also be its grave, seemed certain of fulfillment. What could the Zulu swarms, seen gathered along the spurs, with all their feline courage and instinct for tactics, effect in the face of the army that with unwonted celerity and precision moved down the slopes, and massed upon the further bank? Koppie Drift, upon the regular mission road, was the crossing point.

"All passed over and reached the high level ground beyond the river. Some two miles distant rose the steep bowder-capped hills, over which, some thirty years ago, the Zulus hunted the beaten Boers, assisted, therefore, in Zulu minds with victory and victorious pursuit. To the right lay lower thorn-covered hills, which extend to the lagoons at the mouth of the White Umvolosi. Behind and on the left stretched broken country, scarred with ravines and valleys, sprinkled with mimosas—clumping in places into awkward-looking cover—and branching euphorbias, which give the country so striking a character. Close on the right lay a gloomy glen, which, from the days of Chaka, the Zulus have used for the execution of criminals. Just beyond we crossed a little stream nearly dry that winds among the king's fields—here all is royal demesne—and supplies the royal kraals with water. We found ourselves in view of the amphitheater, where stand three great military kraals—Nodwenga, Udabakaombi and Ulundi. Our position was excellent for strategic purposes, commanding the enemy's ground in front, and, except on the left, where stood the Nodwenga kraal, a thousand yards distant, affording the Zulus no rallying point in their disorder. Our rear flanks, from the nature of the country, were equally protected from surprise.

"Here the army halted, awaiting the impi that was seen surging down the hills on our left, taking skillful advantage of the Nodwenga kraal on our rear, and emerging from the bush on our right front. At 8.30 the mounted irregulars, under Buller, were thrown out on the rear, left and front, keeping the enemy in check on these three sides; but, such an error, the right, where it was thought the enemy would have acted, was at first unprovided for. This omission was discovered, and the mounted Basutos and the native contingent under Cochrane rapidly deployed in the prettiest manner possible, and skirmished toward Udakaombi kraal, returning the enemy's fire briskly, and holding them pluckily in check. The Zulus were too strong for such a handful, and the Basutos, retiring on the right face, came into action with what may be called the left horn of the Zulu army.

"Meanwhile, however, the enemy had so extended their formation that all four sides were soon engaged—the Zulus advancing in skirmishing order, with great steadiness had unexpected silence. There was no shouting, clashing of shields, nor savage demonstration, but strictly orderly discipline. Our fire was terrific, and the artillery practice excellent, but the determined Zulus advanced within seventy yards on all four sides before they begun to break, as a further advance was impossible. In about half an hour from the commencement of the infantry fire they were seen falling back in close masses, becoming rapidly disorganized under the storm of bullets and shells which poured upon them, and the wavering mob broke into open flight.

"The lancers, now loosened, were among them, and within a minute were riding through and cutting and cutting them down right and left, while the guns continued tearing up the flying masses with their fire. Within an hour the whole affair was over.

"The Zulus certainly were from twelve thousand to thirteen thousand strong, including the flower of the army. Seven thousand warriors were engaged. Prisoners state that they went into action under Cetywayo's own eye. Our troops, young and old alike, behaved admirably; but the fiercest, considering the small loss of the Zulus—eight hundred in all—must have been rather wild. Our loss was ten killed."

Hideous Story of a Pair of Shoes.

For some time past the shoes worn by a young medical student of this city have been a source of constant curiosity and no little comment among his friends. It was certainly something unusual that could attract attention, for shoes are neither particularly large nor peculiarly small, nor yet were they in either so good or bad repair to excite more than a passing glance. They were simply a pair of ordinary low shoes, but it was their texture and the strange material of which they were constructed that made them at once curious and remarked. The leather is light brown in color and stroked with velvet hair of a much darker shade, the whole as soft as silk. Among his friends the doctor in embryo makes no secret of the mystery of his foot-gear. "They are made from the skin of a belle of Cincinnati," he says, giving the name of one of the leading families of that city, and while the hair of his listeners begin to assume a perpendicular position, he goes on to tell how during his term at college he was necessarily sought out by a resurrectionist famous among the medical men, who offered to sell him a subject just "snatched" from a city cemetery. How the corpse (that of a beautiful young girl whose white flesh and the costly ring on her smooth, white hand, showed her to be of no poor family) was bought by several of the students, and how, when the body, slashed by the knife of the dissecter, lay upon the table, he crept in and cut the skin from the round limbs. The ghastly bundle, securely wrapped and tied, was packed in an old gripsack and sent with an explanatory letter to a well known shoemaker in this city. The skin was then tanned and polished, and finally placed in the hands of a skillful workman, and under his manipulations transformed into a pair of low summer shoes. The remainder of the tanned skin now lies in the shop, and it is said may readily be produced to verify the story. The body of the poor dead girl, hacked and mutilated, found a nameless grave, while the mound reared in her memory in the cemetery of the city is draped with flowers and vines planted by loving hands above the empty coffin.

The shoes fashioned from her flesh tread our streets every day. Their story, in all its hideous grotesqueness, is vouched for as strictly and absolutely true, and certainly furnishes no mean leaf in the history of the dissecting-room.—*Lafayette (Ind.) Courier.*

The King of Solo's Band.

At last accounts a Javanese prince, the King of Solo, was expected in Paris. He is spoken of as wealthy and accomplished, having an annual income of $6,000,000 and speaking several languages. King Solo is accompanied by a full band, which is thus described by *Galignani:* The musicians are seated, after the Oriental fashion, upon a platform, attired in the gala of Javanese costume. The jacket is of blue cloth, with gilt buttons, the waistcoat white, while a dark-colored handkerchief winds round the head, and the legs and thighs are enveloped in the national "sarong." The instruments are of bamboo, with the exception of an immense copper gong, which serves as a big drum, a couple of two-stringed ivory violins, and a harp strung with copper wire, a sort of piano whose keys are struck with hammers instead of fingers, and a few wind instruments. At a given signal all set up a groaning, crying, or humming, as well without false notes as without melody, while time is kept by the contortions of the dancers, the celebrated Roggengys, copper-colored and almond-eyed, with their jet-black hair bound in knots behind the head, which is itself adorned with flowers.

For Small-pox and Scarlet Fever.

A correspondent forwards to the New York *Tribune* the following prescription for small-pox and scarlet fever, which he asserts has been singularly successful in hundreds of cases. It is: Sulphate of zinc, one grain; foxglove (digitalis), one grain; half a teaspoon of sugar; mix in two tablespoonfuls of water. When thoroughly mixed add four ounces of water. Take a spoonful every hour. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For children, small doses according to age.

FARM GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Bone as a Fertilizer.

For about thirty years bones have been treated with acids, to reduce them to a soluble condition, or to break them down into a fine powder. When thus treated the residue is known as superphosphate of lime. But we now speak of them in their natural condition, and refer to methods of preparing them for use. Every farmer in the country can save a considerable quantity of bones of home production, and by a little trouble and attention can collect a large quantity from the dwellers of villages in his vicinity. We once gave notice to the boys in a village of 5,000 inhabitants, that we would pay twelve and one-half cents a bushel for all the bones brought to a certain vacant lot; as the result more than sixty bushels were found and brought in wheelbarrows and baskets. Two boys who worked together, struck a "find," in an out of the way place, and from that and other places accumulated twenty-four bushels, and were very rich with their three dollars received for them. In this way one can often secure at least as much bone as will return to his land a large portion, if not the whole, of the annual waste of phosphates. To overcome the difficulty of making use of them in a raw and unbroken state, the bones may be burned in a slow fire, preferably in a heap of brush and chips, or similar refuse. By slow burning all risk of waste from over-heating is avoided. When burned the bones are easily crushed to a fine powder, and then contain all the substances found in raw bones, excepting the nitrogen. This loss, however, cannot be helped, and it is better to submit to it than to neglect to use the bones.

By grinding raw bones in powerful mills they may be reduced to a fine powder, and in this condition are known as ground bone, bone dust, bone meal and bone flour, according to the coarseness or fineness to which they are reduced. Thus prepared they are articles of general merchandise, and are kept for sale wherever bones are to be procured, or the prepared bone is in demand. The unbroken bone is worth in the market about one cent a pound, when ground it is sold at prices varying from one and one-half to two cents a pound by the ton. When the bone is "raw," that is, in its natural and fresh condition, it contains all its nitrogen; but when steamed to extract glue, the nitrogen in great part is removed, and the bone is less valuable. On account of the difficulty of preparing bone without the requisite machinery, and the cheapness of the prepared article in the market, it is always preferable to procure the ground bone made by reliable manufacturers; otherwise the bones can be collected and prepared by burning, as above mentioned. Bones are valuable to put into the soil under grapevines and fruit trees. Clusters of roots will grow around and feed upon them for many years, or until they are entirely used up. They can be broken with heavy hammers, or even be put in whole—a peck to a half bushel scattered about in the soil where they will be reached by the roots.—*American Agriculturist.*

Pigs.

Black or flesh-colored pigs are freest from skin disease in hot climates. The choice is practically between the Essex and Berkshires for males with which to improve the native stock of hardy grubbers of the root-or-die variety. Those who have tried the former have been delighted at first, but after a few years began to recall with longing the lean hams and slim but solid and flavorous bacon of the old race-horse breed. The trouble with the Essex pigs for the South is that they are the eat-and-sleep to sleep-and-wake-to-eat kind, and their grades are, of course, like them. The side fat is superb, and so is the leaf lard, and so far the breed is all that could be desired, but the hams and shoulders are too fat for profit, and the ham is not marbled with fat like the Berkshires. These (the Berks) are much more wider awake, less easily controlled, but good foragers. Their grades are a wonderful improvement upon the original stock, may be made very fat, and yet the proportion between the fat and lean hams, shoulders and side pork or bacon, is such as to give a very large proportion of delicacies of the meat. The hams are large and rich and juicy, with diffused fat. Berkshires are not quite so easily fattened when penned and systematically fed as the Essex grade, but they will take much better care of themselves in the woods, and when penned or fastened for fattening, may be finished off with half the feed the original "land pikes" would require.

With many northern and western breeders the Essex is a more profitable pig than the Berkshire, because his nature leads him to take little exercise, so that all he eats goes to flesh and fat. Respiration, which, if rapid, reduces fat greatly, is with him never accelerated by moving about, and with plenty of feed, the sole burden of life is to digest it. This breed is pre-eminent among the black breeds, and excelled by none as fat producers.—*American Agriculturist.*

Butter Making.

If I have made a discovery, or if everybody knew it before me, I will tell it all the same. As soon as the cream shows signs of "coming," pour into the churn two or three quarts of water—as near ice-cold as it is possible to get—and the butter will gather a great deal quicker and come hard and firm. I tried the cold water (ice water) on the start, and found that it made the cream too cold and kept the butter from coming; but put in at the last end it is a capital idea, and will save hours of churning in the course of the season. Butter will come in fifteen or twenty minutes as a rule, if the cream is in the right condition and temperature. A cool cellar is cool enough to start the churning, and as near right as most farmers can get it without thermometers and ice, provided night sought out by a resurrectionist famous among the medical men, who offered to sell him a subject just "snatched" from a city cemetery. How the corpse (that of a beautiful young girl whose white flesh and the costly ring on her smooth, white hand, showed her to be of no poor family) was bought by several of the students, and how, when the body, slashed by the knife of the dissecter, lay upon the table, he crept in and cut the skin from the round limbs. The ghastly bundle, securely wrapped and tied, was packed in an old gripsack and sent with an explanatory letter to a well known shoemaker in this city. The skin was then tanned and polished, and finally placed in the hands of a skillful workman, and under his manipulations transformed into a pair of low summer shoes. The remainder of the tanned skin now lies in the shop, and it is said may readily be produced to verify the story. The body of the poor dead girl, hacked and mutilated, found a nameless grave, while the mound reared in her memory in the cemetery of the city is draped with flowers and vines planted by loving hands above the empty coffin.

The shoes fashioned from her flesh tread our streets every day. Their story, in all its hideous grotesqueness, is vouched for as strictly and absolutely true, and certainly furnishes no mean leaf in the history of the dissecting-room —*Lafayette (Ind.) Courier.*

The King of Solo's Band.

At last accounts a Javanese prince, the King of Solo, was expected in Paris. He is spoken of as wealthy and accomplished, having an annual income of $6,000,000 and speaking several languages. King Solo is accompanied by a full band, which is thus described by *Galignani:* The musicians are seated, after the Oriental fashion, upon a platform, attired in the gala of Javanese costume. The jacket is of blue cloth, with gilt buttons, the waistcoat white, while a dark-colored handkerchief winds round the head, and the legs and thighs are enveloped in the national "sarong." The instruments are of bamboo, with the exception of an immense copper gong, which serves as a big drum, a couple of two-stringed ivory violins, and a harp strung with copper wire, a sort of piano whose keys are struck with hammers instead of fingers, and a few wind instruments. At a given signal all set up a groaning, crying, or humming, as well without false notes as without melody, while time is kept by the contortions of the dancers, the celebrated Roggengys, copper-colored and almond-eyed, with their jet-black hair bound in knots behind the head, which is itself adorned with flowers.

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Trunk Space and the Sexes.

Mr. Bowerman and wife left for the country yesterday. One could tell that their trunks were not over half full, as they were pitched into the baggage car with a crash. They began packing a week ago. When the subject was broached he said he preferred to pack his own trunk, and I suppose he took nearly a whole month to do it, either. All he intended to take along was an extra suit, and he could throw that in most anyway. Night before last he began work. It struck him that he'd better put in an extra pair of boots as a foundation and he flung 'em in the corners with his clean shirts. The shirts didn't seem to ride very well, and he braced them with two pairs of trousers. Then he stuffed his Sunday coat pockets with collars and cuffs and found a place for it, used his white vests for "chinking," and the balance of his clothing just fitted in nicely.

"The man who takes over ten minutes to pack a trunk is a dolt!" said Mr. Bowerman, as he slammed down the lid and turned the key.

Mr. Bowerman has been at it just seven days and seven nights, and when the husband went up stairs at ten o'clock she sat down before the open trunk with tears in her eyes.

"You see how it is," she explained, as he looked down upon her in awful contempt. "I've got only one part of my dresses in here, saying nothing of a thousand other things, and even now the lid won't shut down. I've got such a headache I must lop down for a few minutes."

She went away to lop, and Mr. Bowerman sat down and mused:

"Space is space. The use of space is in knowing how to utilize it."

Removing everything, he began repacking. He found that a silk dress could be rolled to the size of a quart jug. A freshly starched lawn was made to take the place of a pair of slippers. Her brown bunting fitted into the niche she had reserved for three handkerchiefs and her best bonnet was turned bottom up in its box and packed full of underclothing. He sat there viewing sufficient empty space to pack in a whole bed when she returned and said he was the only real good husband in this world, and she kissed him on the nose as he turned the key.

"It's simply the difference between the sexes," was his patronizing reply as he went down stairs to turn on the burglar alarm.

When that wife opened that trunk last night——. But screams and shrieks would avail nothing.—*Detroit Free Press.*

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

The collar-and-elbow wrestling match between John McMahon and James Owens, both of Vermont, took place in New York, and was won by the former, who secured two falls to one for his opponent.

The boiler of the engine Sacramento, while having its safety valve gagged in the Boston and Albany railroad round-house at Greenbush, N. Y., exploded, instantly killing three men—Thomas Smith and Frank Murphy, machinists, and John McIntyre, fireman. William Horton, foreman, Wynant Crannell, engineer, and Robert B. Miller were bruised and scalded. The engine was hurled a distance of forty feet, turning completely over and landing upon the turn-table, which was shivered.

The convention of the American Bankers' Association at Saratoga, N. Y., was largely attended by delegates from all parts of the country, invitations having been sent to 2,048 national banks, 874 state banks, 601 savings banks, and to 2,552 private banks, to join with the association in the effort to get relief from "excessive and invidious taxation," and for the other purposes for which it was organized. Some account of the "labors of the association in enlightening the public mind upon the duties, privileges, profits and burdens of banks" was given. "Banks have no monopoly," said the report. "They have no special privileges except circulation. They want none. They merely ask for justice; ask that they may be taxed only as other corporations and property are taxed; no less, no more. Now they are taxed by the United States, and also by the States the same as other corporations and property are taxed in addition to the heavy taxation of the Federal government. Thus they are doubly taxed. No other species of property is so taxed." The report included a letter from Secretary Sherman regretting his inability to attend the convention. Several papers on banking were read. Alexander Mitchell, of Milwaukee, was re-elected president, and Jacob D. Vermilye, of New York, first vice-president. Thomas Henry, of Mobile, leads the list of forty-three vice-presidents, and George S. Coe, of New York, heads the executive council.

The Governor of Pennsylvania has signed warrants for the hanging, on October 9, of John Neil and Peter McManus, the Northumberland county Mollie Maguires convicted of the murder of Coroner Hesser, near Shamokin, Pa., in 1874; also for the hanging of Andrew Tracey, a lawyer, of McKean county, Pa., who murdered a girl to whom he was paying attentions.

Three workmen in a New York candy factory were terribly burned and dangerously injured by an explosion of superheated powdered starch, in the drying-room of the establishment where they were at work. This explosion will have the effect of throwing light upon the origin of the explosion and fire on Dec. 20, 1877, at No. 63 Barclay street, New York, by which the candy factory of Greenfield & Son was completely destroyed and thirteen persons lost their lives. This catastrophe created a profound sensation at the time, particularly as no satisfactory conclusion could be arrived at as to the origin of the fire. A fire marshal made an examination which extended over several months, and the coroner also made a searching investigation, but what caused the explosion and fire remained a mystery. It was believed at that time that the disaster might have been occasioned by the explosion of a cloud of finely powdered starch coming in contact with an open light or heated surface, and, in view of the circumstances surrounding this latter explosion, it is rendered almost a certainty that the Barclay street fire had its origin in the same manner.

Frank Brennan, a Troy (N. Y.) teamster, tried to quiet a disturbance, when a man named James Scarrell stabbed him in the groin with a chisel, severing the main artery. Brennan died in fifteen minutes.

At Fairview, Pa., the six-year-old daughter of Edward Ryan endeavored to cross the railroad by crawling under a freight train. Her nurse, Cassie Laffin, aged eighteen, started to follow her back, when the train moved and both girls were run over and killed.

Prisoners confined at Blackwell's Island, New York, apparently do not have much trouble to escape when they make up their minds to go. Within three days six convicts escaped from boats in which they were rowing under the eyes of the keepers, two of whom were found drunk and arrested.

At the Saratoga races the great two-mile race for the Kenner stakes was won by the Kentucky horse Falsetto in 3:35¼—the fastest two-mile race ever run in this country with the weights up.

Although not positively known it is generally believed that the body of Alexander T. Stewart, stolen from St. Mark's churchyard in New York on the seventh of last November, has been recovered by the payment of a heavy reward to the thieves and reinterred secretly, preparatory to being finally deposited in the memorial crypt at Garden City, Long Island. But now comes the New York *Herald* with a long statement to the effect that the body "has neither been discovered nor the crime itself laid to rest by a compromise." The *Herald* gives what purports to be a history of the negotiations for the return of the body. It says the robbers wrote from Montreal to a New York lawyer, employing him as a medium between themselves and Judge Hilton; that they sent the lawyer a package containing the coffin-plate and knobs attached to the coffin in which the remains rested when stolen; that they demanded $250,000 for the body's return; that failing to make terms with Judge Hilton, negotiations were opened with Mrs. Stewart, who was under the impression the body had been recovered, and that Mrs. Stewart's fears that the story was true were allayed by Judge Hilton's assurance to the contrary.

Western and Southern States.

Domestic tragedies have become quite frequent of late in the West. At Middletown, Ohio, Charles Ballett, a livery stable keeper, on Sunday killed his wife, and immediately afterward shot himself through the head, killing himself instantly. Ballett was a drunkard and his wife had petitioned for a divorce, which, angering him, led to the tragedy. On the day previous Samuel Nussbaum, an old citizen of Cape Girardeau county, Mo., cut his wife's throat and then cut his own throat. Domestic trouble is said to be the cause. The dispatch said Nussbaum would die, while his wife might recover.

Rev. W. H. H. Murray has telegraphed East from San Francisco, indignantly denying that he was seeking to evade his creditors, and asserting that he was on the Pacific slope on business.

The Maryland Democratic State Convention was held in Baltimore, and resulted in the nomination of a ticket headed by William T. Hamilton for Governor. The platform adopted praises the course of the Democrats in Congress and censures that of the Republicans in its details; declares for payment of the debt upon the basis of coin exchangeable in all the markets of the world, and asserts that the Democratic party was deprived by fraud of the fruits of its victory in 1876.

Thomas E. Beeves, son of Sir Thomas Beeves, baronet, of Norfolk, England, committed suicide at Denver, Col., by taking morphine. He left a letter saying he had lived a misspent life. He was twenty-six years old, and had been away from home about a year.

Tennessee has held an election on the proposition to compromise the State debt at fifty cents on the dollar with four per cent. interest. Party ties were not regarded, and the vote was very light. The proposition was rejected by about 15,000 majority.

Jacob E. Haisline was hanged at San Antonio, Texas, for the murder and robbery of Peter Madlox in February, 1878. He affirmed his innocence to the last.

The boilers of the tow-boat Iron Valley blew up on the Ohio river, a short distance from Wheeling, W. Va., and three persons on board were killed.

The Kentucky Auditor has issued a circular saying that in consequence of the depletion of the treasury, occasioned by a reduction of 25 per cent. of the taxes imposed on the taxable property of the State, shrinkage of values, refusal to pay taxes on railroads, the failure of sheriffs and other collecting officers to pay their dues into the treasury, and continued increase of expenses of the State, he is compelled to cease auditing claims for the present, and until the treasury is replenished.

Wilkerson and Jules, two young men of Marshall, Texas, came to have fought a duel near that place with shotguns. Jules did not put in an appearance, but shot his rival dead from an ambush.

A Senatorial committee, consisting of Senators Kirkwood, of Iowa; Dawes, of Massachusetts; Morgan, of Alabama; Bailey, of Tennessee, and Plumb, of Kansas, met in Kansas City, Mo., pursuant to a resolution of the last session of Congress. The committee was formed for the purpose of investigating the cause of the Cheyenne raid through Kansas during the fall of 1878, which resulted in the killing of nearly fifty men, women and children; also to obtain information as to why they left the territory of their reservation, and if the outbreak at Camp Robinson after their second capture was the result of cruelty on the part of the officer in command. From Kansas City the committee proceeded to Lawrence, Kan., to talk with several of the raiding Cheyennes now in jail charged with murder. They will also go to the Cheyenne agency, or Fort Reno, in the Indian Territory to complete their labors.

A well defined case of leprosy is reported at Baltimore, Md., by a well-known physician. The patient, a lady, aged forty-seven, and the mother of four healthy children, died after long and intense suffering.

There is reported to be a deep feeling of uneasiness among the Mormons at Salt Lake City since the prosecution and conviction of Reynolds, a prominent Mormon, for polygamy, and the refusal of the President to pardon him. It is said that the Secretary of State will issue a circular to our representatives abroad requesting them to inform the colonies of Mormons that are constantly being formed in Europe for emigration to Utah that the practice of polygamy in the Territory will not be allowed.

From Washington.

A Washington dispatch says the various Republican State associations, which were disbanded shortly after the President's Civil Service order was issued, are now taking steps to reorganize. The Iowa State Association has already done so. It is understood by the members of these associations that the President will not object to their reorganization.

In the year 1875 the President withdrew from settlement two large tracts of land on the northeast bank of the Missouri river, in the Territory of Dakota. The territory thus withdrawn lies opposite the great Sioux reservation, northeast of Yankton, Dakota. The object was to prevent the whites from pressing too closely upon the Indian frontier. It has been found, however, in practice that the executive orders referred to prevented peaceable and industrious settlers from taking up lands within the limits of the precautionary reservation, but did not deter the more lawless class of frontiersmen from making the neutral ground thus established a basis for criminal operations both against Indians and whites. It has been decided, therefore, to throw open the greater part of this region to settlement, and the President, by executive order, has restored to the public domain 8,259,200 acres on the northeastern bank of the Missouri river.

Foreign News.

At the funeral in Hamburg of a Socialist member of the German Parliament named Grob, twenty thousand persons followed the bier.

Water has burst into the Ludwig-Glück mine at the Zabrze collieries in Prussia. Two corpses have been recovered and eleven more are supposed to be in the pit.

French official reports state that the grain in the south of France has been harvested in excellent condition, and that in the north and west a good average crop may be expected.

A fire at Chateneis, near Strasburg, has destroyed half the town and rendered two thousand peasants homeless.

Keith Johnstone, a noted African explorer, is dead, having passed away while at the head of an expedition to explore Lake Nyassa in Africa.

The Exchange Bank, of Montreal, has suspended